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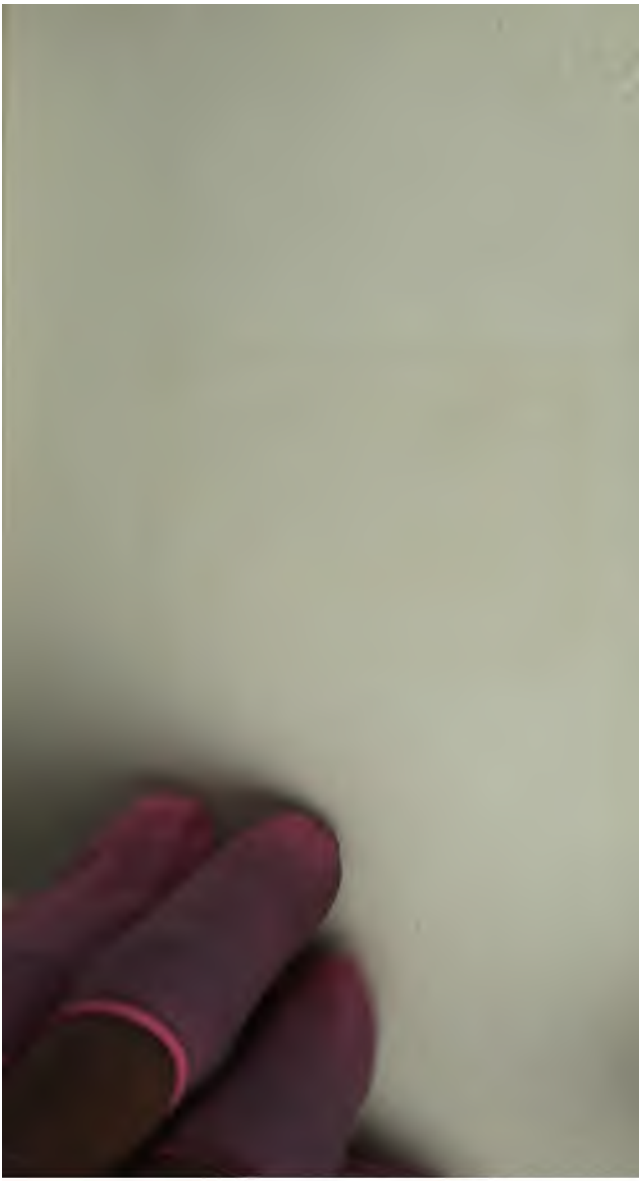

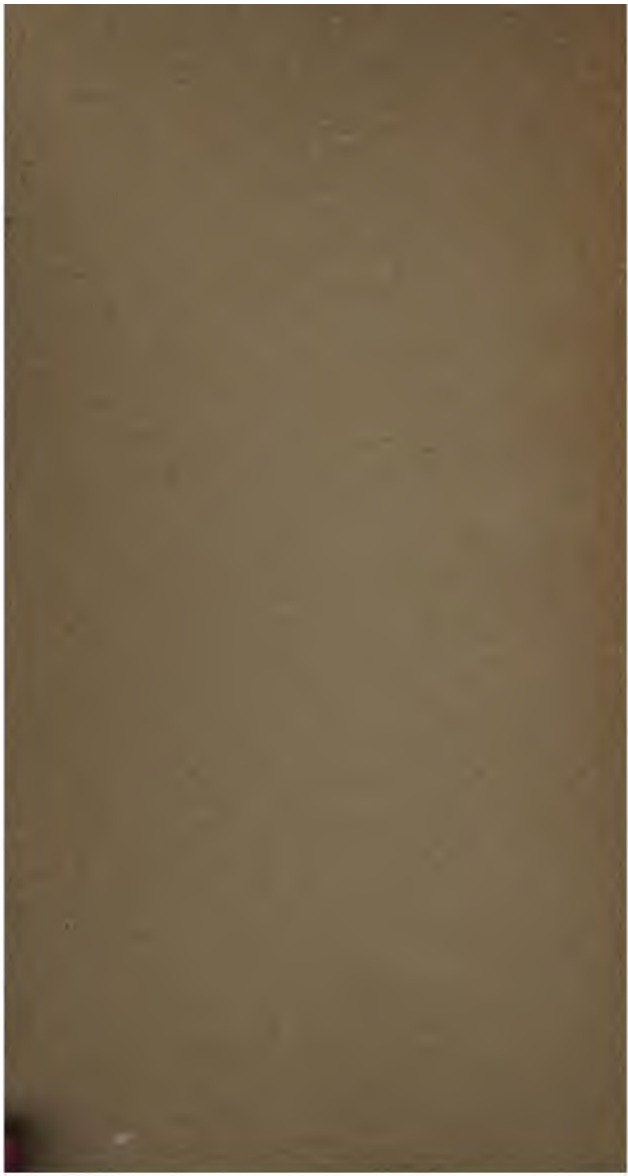

THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

VOL. XXXV.

Being VOL. XXV. of his

PROSE WORKS.

THE

WORKS

OF

M. DE VOLTAIRE.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

WITH

Notes, Hiſtorical and Critical.

By T. SMOLLETT, M. D.

T. FRANCKLIN, M. A. and OTHERS.

VOLUME THE TWENTY-FIFTH.

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THE

THE TALES OF WILLIAM VADÉ.

PREFACE.

By CATHERINE VADÉ.

I Still lament the death of my couſin, William Vadé, who, as it is univerſally known, departed this life a few years ago. He was taken ill of the ſmall-pox; I attended him, and ſaid to him, with tears in my eyes, "Ah, my "dear couſin, this is the conſequence of your "not getting yourſelf inoculated; the ſame "neglect coſt your brother Anthony his life, "and he was, like you, one of the luminaries "of the age." "What would you have me "ſay to you?" anſwered William; "I waited "for the permiſſion of the Sorbonne, and I find "my over-ſcrupulouſneſs will coſt me my life."

"The ſtate will have a heavy loſs when you "die," returned I. "Ah," cried William, "Alexander and brother Bertier are dead; Se-"miramis, Phillon, Sophocles, and d'Anchet "are in their graves." "Yes, my dear couſin, "but their great names ſhall never die:—Are "you not deſirous of living a ſecond life in the "nobleſt part of yourſelf? Do you not give me "leave to give the public, in order to conſole "them for your loſs, thoſe entertaining tales "with which you obliged us laſt year? They "were the delight of our family; and Jerome "Carré, your couſin-german, ſet almoſt as great "*a value upon* your works, as upon his own;

" they will, doubtleſs, pleaſe the whole univerſe; " that is to ſay, about thirty idle men who have " nothing to do but to read."

William's pretenſions were not quite ſo extravagant. He ſaid to me, with a humility highly becoming in an author, but very rarely to be met with, " Ah, my couſin, do you think that " amongſt ninety thouſand pamphlets printed at " Paris during theſe laſt ten years, my work can " poſſibly find a place? or that I can ſwim " upon the river of oblivion, which every day " ſwallows up ſo many fine things?"

" Were you but to live a fortnight after your " death," returned I, " it would ſtill be a great " matter; 'tis a privilege enjoyed but by a very " ſmall number; it is the fate of moſt men to " be unheard of during their lives; and thoſe " who have made the greateſt noiſe in the world, " are ſometimes forgot the day after they die. " You will be diſtinguiſhed from the crowd; " and perhaps the name of William Vadé, be- " ing made honourable mention of in a journal " or two, may paſs to the lateſt poſterity. What " title would you have us give your works?" " Couſin, ſaid he, I think that of Trifle is the " propereſt; there are few things ſaid, done, or " printed, that don't deſerve this name."

I admired the modeſty of my couſin, and was greatly affected with it. Juſt then Jerome Carré entered the chamber. William made his will, by which he left me ſole poſſeſſor of his manuſcripts. Jerome and I aſked him, where he choſe to be buried? I ſhall never forget the anſwer he made, it was as follows: " I am very " ſenſible that as I was not born to any of thoſe " *dignities which* are productive of high ſenti-

" ments

" ments in their poſſeſſors, as I was never either
" a privy counſellor, a ſheriff, or a church-
" warden, I ſhall be treated, after my death,
" with very little ceremony. I ſhall be thrown
" into the charnel-houſe of St. Innocent, and
" nothing will be ſet over my tomb but a
" wooden croſs, which has ſerved others before:
" but I have always had ſo great a love for my
" country, that I cannot bear the thought of
" being buried in a church-yard. Certain it is,
" that dying of this diſeaſe, I ſhall ſtink moſt
" horridly. The putrefaction of ſo many bodies
" which are buried at or near the churches of
" Paris, muſt inevitably infect the air; and, as
" the young king Ptolomy ſays, very properly,
" when he deliberates what reception he ſhould
" give Pompey,

Ces troncs pourries exhalent dans les vents
De quoi faire la guerre au reſte de vivants.

Infected by the putrid ſtench, each gale
Threatens with death e'en thoſe who 'ſcap'd the
ſword.

" This odious and ridiculous cuſtom of paving
" the churches with dead bodies, every year occa-
" ſions at Paris epidemical diſeaſes, and all the
" deceaſed contribute more or leſs to infect their
" country. The Greeks and Romans were
" wiſer than we: their burying places were at
" a diſtance from their towns; and there are
" even at this day many countries in Europe
" where this ſalutary cuſtom prevails. What a
" ſatisfaction would it be to a benevolent citi-
" zen, to go fatten the barren plain of Sablons,
" *and contribute* to render the harveſt plentiful!

" ſucceeding generations would become uſeful " to each other by this prudent regulation; the " towns would be more healthy, the land more " fruitful. I muſt ſay, there is very little œco- " nomy in the affairs both of the living and the " dead."

William ſpoke a long time to the ſame purpoſe: he had extenſive views for the public good, and he died talking, which is an inconteſtable proof of genius.

When he was dead, I reſolved to bury him with pomp, and in a manner worthy of the great name which he had acquired in the world. I ran to all the moſt eminent bookſellers of Paris, and offered to deal with them for the poſthumous works of my couſin William; to theſe I added ſome fine diſſertations of my brother Anthony, and a few pieces of my couſin german Jerome Carré. I obtained three Lewis-d'ors, a ſum which William had never been poſſeſſed of in any period of his life. I cauſed funeral tickets to be printed, I requeſted all the wits of Paris to honour with their preſence the maſs which I had ordered for the repoſe of William's ſoul; no body came. I could not attend the proceſſion, and William was interred without any body's being the wiſer. In this manner had he lived; for though he had enriched the ſair with many comic operas, which were admired by all Paris, the world enjoyed the fruits of his genius, and neglected the author: it is thus, as the divine Plato has it, men ſuck the orange, and throw away the rind; thus they pluck the fruit off the tree, and then cut it down. I have been always aſtoniſhed at this ingratitude.

Soon

Soon after the demiſe of William Vadé, we loſt our worthy relation and friend William Carré, ſo well known in his time for the comedy of the Scotch Woman, which he ſaid he tranſlated in order to promote uſeful literature. I think it my duty to inform the public of the diſtreſs Jerome was in at the concluſion of his life; it was thus he expreſſed himſelf in my preſence to brother Giroflée, his confeſſor. You know, ſaid he, that at my baptiſm there were given me for patrons St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and St. Raymond of Pennafort; and that when I had the happineſs of being confirmed, there were added to my patrons, St. Ignatius de Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis of Borgia, and St. Regis, all jeſuits; ſo that I am called Jerome Thomas Raymond Ignatius Xavier Francis Regis Carré. I long thought that with ſo many patrons I could not poſſibly ever know want. Ah, brother Giroflée, how much was I miſtaken! It muſt doubtleſs be the ſame thing with patrons as with footmen, the more one has, the worſe one is ſerved. But obſerve, if you pleaſe, how I was nonplus'd, for the expreſſion is very good, whatever the commonalty may ſay to the contrary; Montagne, Marot, and many moſt facetious authors, often make uſe of it, nay, it is to be found in the dictionary of the academy. This then is my adventure.

The reverend father Jeſuites, or Jeſuits, are baniſhed becauſe their inſtitution is pernicious, inconſiſtent with all the rights of kings and of human ſociety, &c. &c. Now Ignatius de Loyola having created the inſtitution called Regimen, after having undergone diſcipline at the college

of St. Barbe, Xavier, Francis Borgia and Regis, having lived under this regimen, it is evident that they are all blameable alike, and that I had equal reaſon to give all theſe four ſaints to the devil.

This made me entertain ſome ſcruples concerning St. Thomas and St. Raymond of Pennaſort. I read their works, and I was amazed when I ſaw almoſt the ſame words in St. Thomas and in Raymond as in Buſembaum. I immediately forſook theſe two patrons, and burnt their books.

In this manner I ſaw myſelf reduced to the name of Jerome only; but this Jerome, the only patron that I had left, did me no more ſervice than the reſt: is it poſſible that Jerome can have no credit in Paradiſe! hereupon I conſulted a perſon of profound learning, and he told me that Jerome was the moſt paſſionate of mankind, that he had groſsly abuſed the holy biſhop of Jeruſalem, John, and the holy prieſt Ruſinus, that he had even called this laſt a hydra and a ſcorpion, and that he inſulted him after his death: he ſhewed me the paſſages. Thus I at laſt find myſelf under a neceſſity of renouncing Jerome, and calling myſelf plain Carré, which is no ſmall mortification.

Thus did Carré depoſit his grief in the boſom of brother Giroflée, who anſwered him thus: You will never want for ſaints, my dear child, take St. Francis D'Aſſize. No, returned Carré, his wife of ſnow would tempt me to laugh, and this is a very ſerious affair. Well then, take St. Dominic. No,— he is the founder of the inquiſition.——Do you then chuſe St. Bernard? He

He too ſeverely perſecuted the poor Abelard, that had more underſtanding than himſelf, and he meddled in too great a variety of affairs; give me a patron of ſuch perfect humility, that no body has ever heard him ſpoken of; that's the ſaint for me.

Brother Giroflée remonſtrated to him the impoſſibility of being canonized and unheard of; he gave him a liſt of many more patrons whom our friend did not know, which was juſt the ſame thing; but upon propoſing every ſaint, he aſked ſomething for his convent; for he knew that Carré had money. Jerome Carré then told him the following ſtory, which to me appeared curious:

There was formerly a king of Spain who had promiſed a large diſtribution of alms to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Burgos that had been ruined by the war. They came to the gates of the palace, but the porters would not ſuffer them to enter, except upon condition that they ſhould ſhare with them. The good man Cardero was the firſt that preſented himſelf before the monarch; he threw himſelf at his feet, and ſaid, Great king, I entreat you to order an hundred laſhes to be given to each of us. A comical requeſt this, ſaid the king; why do you aſk ſuch a thing of me? It is, replied Cardero, becauſe your domeſtics inſiſt upon going ſhares with us in whatever we are to receive from you. The king laughed heartily, and made Cardero a conſiderable preſent. From thence came the proverb, "It is better to be concerned with God "than his ſaints."

With ſuch ſentiments as theſe, my dear Jerome Carré, whoſe works I here join to thoſe of William, departed this life; and I flatter myſelf that the gentlemen of Paris, for whom Vadé and Carré laboured all their lives, will excuſe this preface.

CATHERINE VADÉ.

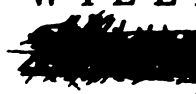
THE

THE

TALES

OF

WILLIAM VADÉ.



What pleaſes the LADIES.

NOW that the brilliant god of day
Burns Africk up with ſcorching ray,
Now that the tropic in a ſphere
Oblique contracts his bright career;
Whilſt ſlowly lags each winter's night,
My friends, this ſtory may delight;
'Tis of a knight, as poor as bold,
Th' adventure's worthy to be told.
'Tis Sir John Robert that I ſing,
He lived when Dagobert was king.
A trip to holy Rome he made,
Leſs ſplendid when the Cæſars ſway'd;
From that fam'd capital he brought
Not laurels pluck'd in fields well fought,
Of diſpenſations, pardons, ſtore,
Indulgencies he plenty bore;

Of money little had he; then
Knights errant were poor gentlemen;
Then, to the churches ſons alone
Were affluence and riches known.
A ſuit of armour, which, with ruſt,
Revolving years muſt needs incruſt,
An ambling ſteed, a dog was all,
Robert his property cou'd call;
But what's more precious he poſſeſs'd,
With youth's bright gifts our knight was bleſs'd;
Alcides' ſtrength, Adonis' grace,
Gifts priz'd in ev'ry age and place.
Robert, near Paris, chanc'd to ride
[redacted] ſide;
A ribbon ty'd her waxen hair:
Her ſhape was eaſy, dreſs ſo light,
Her leg it hid not from the ſight.
Soon Robert's eyes ſuch charms explor'd
As even ſaints might have ador'd;
The lilly, with the bluſhing roſe,
Combine a noſegay to compoſe,
Whoſe variegated hues are ſeen
Two panting globes of ſnow between;
Which never fail loves flame to raiſe
In all who on their beauties gaze;
Whilſt her complexion's charms divine
The luſtre of the flow'rs outſhine.
To tell what was not told before,
A baſket this fair creature bore,
And with attractions various grac'd
Made to the neighb'ring market haſte
Of eggs and butter to diſpoſe,
Which all her little ſtock compoſe.
Robert, who felt the am'rous flame,
Leap'd forward and embrac'd the dame;

I've twenty crowns, my dear, he cry'd,
Take them, and take my heart beſide,
Take all I have, and take the donor:
Said Marton, Sir, 'tis too much honour.
But Robert ſtill ſo briſkly ply'd her,
That down ſhe fell, he fell beſide her,
And, oh diſaſter dire to tell!
He broke her eggs as down he fell.
His courſer ſtarted at the ſight,
To the next thicket took his flight.
An honeſt monk, as people ſay,
Happen'd, juſt then, to paſs that way,
The ſteed his monkſhip quickly ſtrides,
And, poſt-haſte, to his convent rides.
Her cap, which was become a fright,
Marton's firſt care, was to ſet right.
To Robert turning then ſhe ſaid,
My twenty crowns where are they fled?
The knight, in heſitating ſtrain,
Seeking his purſe and ſteed in vain,
Excuſes offer'd, all were lame,
For no excuſe would ſerve the dame.
Being thus injur'd, ſtraight ſhe went
To tell the king her diſcontent:
A knight has robb'd me, Sire, ſhe ſaid,
And raviſh'd too, but never paid.
Wiſely the king reply'd, 'Tis clear
A rape is what has brought you here:
Go plead before queen Berthe your cauſe,
In theſe points well ſhe kens the laws;
She'll hear attentive what you ſay,
And judgment paſs without delay.
Marton, with rev'rence bow'd the head,
And to the queen her way ſhe ſped.
The queen was quite humane and mild,
Look'd on each ſubject as a child;

But

But ſhe was ſtill ſeverely bent
To puniſh the incontinent:
Of prudes her council ſhe aſſembl'd,
The knight uncapp'd before them trembl'd;
With downcaſt eyes ne'er dared to ſtir,
He then had neither boot nor ſpur;
The court by no chicane delay'd,
But ample full confeſſion made;
That taking by Charonne his way
He was by Satan led aſtray;
That he repented of his crime,
Wou'd ne'er offend a ſecond time:
But that the firſt might prove the laſt,
Sentence of death was on him paſt.
Robert had ſo much youthful grace,
So fine his perſon, fair his face,
That Berthe and her aſſeſſors all
Awarding ſentence, tears let fall.
Pangs of remorſe ſad Marton felt,
And ev'ry heart began to melt:
Berthe to the court then made it plain,
That the knight pardon might obtain,
And that if ready witted, he
Might from all puniſhment be free;
Since by the laws eſtabliſh'd there,
Who tells what pleaſes all the fair,
Has to his pardon a juſt claim,
Acquitted by each virtuous dame;
But then he muſt the thing explain
Compleatly, or his hopes are vain.
What thus had been in council ſtarted
Quickly to Robert was imparted.
The good queen Berthe being bent to ſave hi
Eight days to think upon it gave him;
He ſwore in eight days he'd appear,
And ſtrive to make the matter clear;

T

Then for this favour unexpected,
Thank'd Berthe, and went out much dejected.
Then thus the matter he debated
Thus he his difficulty ſtated;
How can I in plain terms declare
What 'tis that pleaſes all the fair,
And not her majeſty offend?
She marrs what ſhe propos'd to mend.
Since to be hang'd muſt be my lot,
Wou'd I'd been hang'd upon the ſpot.
Robert, whene'er in road or ſtreet,
He chanc'd a wife or maid to meet,
Her he in urgent manner preſs'd
To ſay what 'twas ſhe lov'd the beſt.
All gave evaſive anſwers, none
The real truth wou'd fairly own.
Robert, deſpairing e'er to hit,
Wiſh'd him in hell's profoundeſt pit.
Sev'n times the ſtar that rules the year
Had gilded o'er the hemiſphere,
When under a refreſhing ſhade,
Which trees with winding boughs had made,
He ſaw a ſcore of beauties bright,
Who danc'd in circling mazes light;
Of their rich robes the wavy pride
Their ſecret beauties ſcarce cou'd hide.
Soft Zephyr ſporting near the fair,
Play'd in the ringlets of their hair;
On the green turf they lightly danc'd,
Their feet ſcarce on its ſurface glanc'd.
Robert draws nigh, in hopes to find
Eaſe from perplexity of mind.
Juſt then all vaniſh'd from his ſight,
Scarcely had day giv'n place to night;
A toothleſs hag then met his eyes,
Sooty in hue and ſhort of ſize,

Bent

Bent double, and with age oppreſt
She lean'd upon a ſtick for reſt.
Her noſe prodigious long and thin
Extended till it met her chin;
Her eyes with rheum were gall'd and red,
A few white hairs her pate o'erſpread;
A ſcrap of tapeſtry was her gown,
It o'er her wrinkl'd thigh hung down.
At ſuch an odd and uncouth ſight,
A ſort of terror ſeiz'd our knight.
The beldame, with familiar tone,
Accoſts him thus: I ſee, my ſon,
By your dejected thoughtful air
Your heart feels ſome corroding care:
Relate to me your ſecret grief:
(To talk of woes gives ſome relief)
Altho' your caſe be e'er ſo bad,
Some conſolation may be had.
I've long beheld this earthly ſtage,
And wiſdom muſt increaſe with age.
The moſt unhappy oft' have ſped
To bliſs by my directions led.
Alas! replied the knight, in vain
I've ſought inſtruction to obtain:
The fatal hour is drawing nigh,
I muſt upon a gibbet die!
Unleſs I can the queen tell right
What 'tis gives women moſt delight.
Courage, my ſon, the dame reply'd,
'Tis God has to me been your guide,
'Tis for your good; then ſtraight to court,
Boldly proceed and make report.
Let's go together, I'll unfold
The ſecret which muſt there be told;
But ſwear that for the life you owe,
Becoming gratitude you'll ſhew;

That

That from you I ſhall have with eaſe
What never fails our ſex to pleaſe.
An oath then from you I require
That you'll do all that I deſire.
Robert, who ſcrupl'd not to ſwear,
From laughter could not well forbear.
Be ſerious, cry'd the antient dame,
To laugh ſhews want of grace and ſhame;
Then moving onward, hand in hand,
Before queen Berthe they quickly ſtand.
The council met without delay,
Robert aſk'd what he had to ſay,
Cry'd, ladies, now your ſecret's out,
What you love moſt admits no doubt:
What, at all ſeaſons, can content ye,
Is not of lovers to have plenty;
But woman, of whate'er degree,
Whate'er her qualities may be,
Deſires to bear both night and day
O'er all about her ſov'reign ſway:
Woman wou'd always fain command,
If I lie, hang me out of hand.
Whilſt thus harangu'd our doughty ſpark,
All preſent ſaid he hit the mark.
Robert kiſs'd Berthe's fair hand, when clear'd;
Then ſtraight a haggard form appear'd,
The hag of whom we ſpoke before,
With rags and dirt all cover'd o'er,
Crying out, juſtice, forward preſs'd,
And in theſe terms queen Berthe addreſs'd:
Oh lovely queen, thy ſex's pride,
Who always juſtly doſt decide,
To whom fair equity is known,
Whilſt mercy dwells beſide thy throne;
By me this knight your ſecret knew,
The *life I ſav'd to* me is due:

He

He ſwore, nor ſhould the oath prove vain,
That I ſhould what I wiſh'd obtain;
Upon your juſtice I rely,
And hope you won't my right deny.
Says Robert, I deny it not,
I never a good turn forgot;
But, bate my armour, all I had
Was baggage, twenty crowns, and pad.
A monk, when Marton I careſt,
With pure religious zeal poſſeſs'd,
As lawful prize ſeiz'd on the whole,
For 'twere a ſin to ſay he ſtole.
Tho' honeſt, ſince I'm broke outright,
I can't this friendly turn requite.
The queen reply'd, What you have loſt
Shall be repay'd to fryar's coſt;
All parties ſhall be ſatisfy'd;
In three your fortune we'll divide;
For her loſt eggs and chaſtity,
The twenty crowns ſhall Marton's be;
The ſteed I to this dame conſign,
The armour, Robert, ſhall be thine.
Moſt generouſly you've decreed,
Said madam, but I want no ſteed;
'Tis Robert's perſon I deſire,
His grace and valour I admire:
I o'er his am'rous heart would reign,
That's all the prize I wiſh to gain;
Robert with me muſt paſs his life,
This day muſt take me for a wife.
Her purpoſe being thus declar'd,
Robert ſtood motionleſs, and ſtar'd:
Then o'er her rags and figure ſtrange,
His rolling eyes began to range;
With horror ſtruck, he back retreated,
Croſſing himſelf, theſe words repeated;

Why

Why ſhould this ridicule and ſhame
With foul diſhonour blaſt my name?
With the d'el's dam I'd rather wed
Than to that beldame go to bed;
The hag muſt doubtleſs be run mad,
Or elſe ſhe doats, and that's as bad.
The hag then tenderly reply'd,
My perſon, queen, he can't abide;
He's like the whole ungrateful crew
Of males, but ſoon I'll bring him too;
I feel love's flame ſo brightly burn,
He needs muſt love me in his turn.
The heart does all, I can't but ſay
My charms begin to fade away;
But I'll more tender prove and kind;
'Tis beſt to cultivate the mind:
We find e'en Solomon declare
The wiſe by far exceed the fair.
I'm poor, is that ſo hard a caſe?
Sure poverty is no diſgrace.
Can't one enjoy content of mind,
Except on iv'ry bed reclin'd?
Madam, in all this regal pride,
When you lie by our monarch's ſide,
Do you enjoy more kindly reſt?
Does love ſincerer warm your breaſt?
You've read of old Philemon's flame
For Baucis, tho' an antient dame.
Thoſe jealouſies by old age bred,
Dwell not beneath the ruſtic ſhed;
Vice flies where luxury is unknown,
We equal kings, ſerve God alone;
Your country's glory we ſupport,
We furniſh ſoldiers for the court:
In rend'ring populous the ſtate,
The poor by much outdo the great.

If heav'n ſhould to my chaſte deſire
Refuſe the offspring I require,
Love's flowers without its fruits can pleaſe,
Upon love's tree thoſe flowers I'll ſeize.
While thus the antient dame deſcanted,
All the court ladies were inchanted.
Robert was to her arms conſign'd,
Diſguſt was vain, for oaths muſt bind;
The dame inſiſted on her right
Of riding with her much lov'd knight
To her thatch'd hut, where wedlock's bands
Were to unite their hearts and hands.
Robert his courſer 'gins to ſtride,
With ſorrow takes his future bride;
With horror ſeiz'd, and red with ſhame,
He often ſtrove to throw the dame,
Or drown her, but was by the law
Of chivalry ſtill kept in awe.
The lady with her knight delighted
To him her race's deeds recited,
How the great Clovis royal ſword
The boſoms of three monarchs gor'd,
Who were his friends, yet could obtain
Pardon and heaven's high favour gain.
From heav'n ſhe ſaw the fam'd dove bring
To Remi, that illuſtrious king,
The flaſk and oil ſo highly priz'd,
Which he was ſmear'd with when baptiz'd.
With all her narratives ſhe blended
Thoughts and reflections well intended,
Sallies of wit, remarks refin'd,
Which, without calling off the mind,
Attention in who heard excited,
And both inſtructed and delighted.
Still does our knight with eager ears
Devour the ſtories that he hears;

Charm'd

Charm'd when he heard his wife, but when
He ſaw, th' unhappieſt of men.
At length the ill-match'd couple came
To the thatch'd cabin of the dame;
Preparing things with eager haſte,
The table for her ſpouſe ſhe plac'd;
Such fare might ſuit with Saturn's age,
'Tis now but talk'd of by the ſage.
Three ſticks ſupport two rotten boards,
Such table that poor hut affords;
At this our couple ſat at meat,
Each odly plac'd on narrow ſeat;
The huſband ſadly hung his head,
The bride a thouſand gay things ſaid;
Wit ſhe combin'd with graceful eaſe,
Utter'd bon mots which pique and pleaſe,
So nat'ral that to thoſe who hear,
Said by themſelves they muſt appear.
So pleas'd was Robert, that a ſmile
Eſcap'd him, and he thought a while
His wife leſs ugly than before,
But ſhe would fain, the ſupper o'er,
Have her ſpouſe go with her to bed;
He raves, he wiſhes to be dead:
He yields, tho' not with a good grace,
Since without remedy his caſe.
Foul clothes our knight but little matter,
Quite gnaw'd by rats and torn to tatters,
On pieces of old wood extended,
And frequently with packthread mended;
All this the knight could have digeſted,
But Hymen's rites he quite deteſted.
Of theſe indeed he much complain'd;
Good heav'n, cry'd he, is't ſo ordain'd!
At Rome, 'tis ſaid, grace from on high
Can *both the pow'r* and will ſupply;

But

But grace does for the preſent fail,
And I for my part am out train;
My wife can by her wit impart
Delight, ſhe has a feeling heart;
But when with ſenſe there's conflict dire,
Can heart or head true joy inſpire?
Our knight benumb'd like ice, this ſaid,
Threw himſelf flat upon his bed;
And, to conceal his anguiſh, tries
To feign a ſleep, ſleep from him flies.
The beldame, pinching Robert, cry'd,
Do you then ſlumber by your bride?
Dear but ungrateful ſpouſe, you ſee
I am ſubdu'd, now yield to me;
The timid voice of ſtruggling ſhame
Is ſtifled by my am'rous flame;
Reign o'er my ſenſe without controul,
Since you reign pow'rful o'er my ſoul;
I die! juſt heaven ſay to what end
With virtue muſt our love contend?
I'm quite diſſolv'd in love's bright flame,
Pleaſure thrills thro' my vital frame;
Muſt I, alas! without thee die?
'Tis to thy conſcience I apply.
Our knight was complaiſant and kind,
Religion, candour, grac'd his mind;
He took compaſſion on the dame;
Madam, ſaid he, I wiſh my flame
Like yours, might ſtrong and brightly ſhine,
The power t'effect it is not mine.
You can effect it, ſaid his wife,
A great heart, at your ſtage of life,
By fortitude, by art, and care,
Performs with eaſe atchievements rare:
Think how the ladies will approve
At court this miracle of love.

Per-

Perhaps I your diſguſt excite,
Wrinkles are ſhocking to your ſight;
Heroes magnanimous deſpiſe
Such trifles, only ſhut your eyes.
Our knight of glory fond wou'd fain
This conqueſt of himſelf obtain;
Obedience then became his choice,
Liſt'ning alone to honour's voice,
Finding in vig'rous youth alone
What cou'd for beauty's want atone,
And love's ſupply, he ſhuts his eyes,
And, to perform his duty, tries.
Enough, enough, then ſaid the bride,
I aſk no more; I'm ſatisfy'd;
My influence o'er your heart I know,
That influence to me you owe;
Acknowledge then, as matters ſtand,
The wife will ſtill at home command.
Robert, all that I aſk of thee
Is to be always rul'd by me;
My love enjoins an eaſy taſk,
Now view me well, 'tis all I aſk.
Then Robert looks, and ſees in cluſters
A hundred flambeaux plac'd on luſtres,
In a proud palace, which he ſaw
Before a cabin thatch'd with ſtraw.
There underneath rich curtains grac'd
With fringe of pearls in higheſt taſte.
A beauty bright appear'd to view,
Such as Apelles never drew;
E'en Vanlo's colours wou'd prove faint,
That heaven of charms divine, to paint;
No Phideas nor no Pigal e'er
Could carve a buſto of the fair.
Her form like lovely Venus ſhew'd,
Whoſe golden treſſes graceful flow'd,

Whoſe

Whoſe melting eyes appear'd to languiſh,
Whilſt ſoothing Mars's am'rous anguiſh,
Myſelf, ſhe ſaid, this palace, all
This wealth, your own, dear Robert, call:
You did not uglineſs deſpiſe,
You therefore merit beauty's prize.
But now, methinks, my readers claim
To know what was this fair one's name,
Whoſe heart our knight had won; why then
'Twas fairy Urgelle, gentlemen,
Who, warriors, in her time, careſs'd,
And knights aſſiſted when diſtreſs'd.
Happy the age! thrice bleſs'd mankind,
When tales like theſe belief cou'd find,
Of ſpirits hov'ring in the air,
Of demons who make men their care!
In caſtle cloſe by roaſting fire,
The daughter, mother, huſband, ſire,
The neighbourhood and all the race,
Attended with a wond'ring face,
Whilſt, by the almoner, were told
Deeds done by ſorcerers of old.
We of the marvellous are riſl'd,
By reaſon's weight the graces ſtiff'd,
Have to th' inſipid men conſign'd
The ſoul by reas'ning is confin'd;
Still hunting after truth we go;
From error too ſome good may flow.

THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE.

SINCE the bright god of day, in the courſe of his race,
In Aquarius reſides with a ſorrowful face,
Since tempeſts ſo loudly on our high mountains blow,
And our meadows are all cover'd over with ſnow,
By the fire I'll a new ſtory tell in new ſtyle,
Amuſements the time that hangs heavy beguile.
I am old, I muſt own't, and will therefore deſcend
To the pleaſures of children, ſince near my life's end.
A prince erſt reign'd at Beneventum, 'tis ſaid,
Quite mad with his pow'r, and in luxury bred,
To knowledge a ſtranger, and not ill educated,
By his neighbours deſpiſed, by his own ſubjects hated.
This ſmall ſtate to govern two arch-knaves combin'd,
They exerted themſelves their young maſter to blind;
In this project they were by his confeſſor aided,
They by turns ſucceeded, he by all was perſuaded
That his talents, his virtues, and his great reputation,
Cou'd inſure perfect bliſs to the mightieſt nation;

That when once their duke had to manhood attain'd,
He was dreaded and lov'd, and in all mens hearts reign'd:
That his arms cou'd both France and Italia confound;
That with wealth his exchequer wou'd ever abound;
That Solomon ne'er had ſo much wealth of old,
Tho' the torrent of Cedron o'er golden ſands roll'd.
Alamon (for by that name this prince we muſt call)
Still was dupe to groſs flatt'ries, for he ſwallow'd 'em all,
With paſtimes delighted, court buffoons he careſs'd,
And when he had din'd thought his people were bleſs'd.
One valiant old gen'ral at court ſtill remain'd,
Ernon, greatly eſteem'd when the duke's father reign'd,
Who not being brib'd ſpoke his mind uncontrol'd,
And undaunted, the government's ruin foretold.
To jealouſy rous'd, thoſe who bore ſupreme ſway
Soon found means to remove Ernon out of the way;
Unknown to the prince he to exile was ſent,
But there at a farm the old man liv'd content;
There with friends he liv'd happy, reſign'd to his fate,
And he wept for his maſter as well as the ſtate;
Whilſt with ſloth and with pleaſure the young duke content,
On the down of ſoft eaſe both his days and nights ſpent.

The

The murmurs by which oft his ſubjects expreſt
Diſcontent, wou'd however ſometimes break his reſt,
But that diſtant din, which he hardly cou'd hear,
Grows weak in its courſe, and ſcarce beats on his ear;
Whilſt with woe overloaded men groan'd thro' the realm,
Alamon led a languiſhing life at the helm.
Then was tyranny's triumph, but the heav'ns took his part,
And to work reformation with love touch'd his heart.
Young Amida he ſaw, he both ſaw her and heard,
His heart felt emotion, and to live he appear'd;
He was handſome, and might with aſſurance addreſs her,
But the myſtery ſoon was ſmok'd by his confeſſor;
In his penitent's breaſt ſtraight he ſcruples excited,
Superſtition and ign'rance are eaſily frighted:
And the two wicked rulers who fear'd leſt the lover,
Might one day their ſiniſter proceedings diſcover,
Were for making Amida like Ernon depart:
Her all to pack up ſhe prepar'd with ſad heart.
The weak Alamon all this inſolence bore,
His reluctance was vain, from his charmer he tore.
He doubted and waver'd, for juſt in that ſeaſon
His ſoul was but faintly illumin'd by reaſon.
When Amida was going there were heard loud alarms,
The cry was, A'l's loſt, let us die and to arms,
On Allah, St. Germain, Chriſt, and Mahomet loud,
They call'd, and on every ſide fled a crowd:

A warrior turban'd who led on a band
Of muſſulmen holding a faulchion in hand,
Over heaps of the dead, or expiring, who lay
All reeking in gore, with his ſword cut a way,
With ſword and with fire to the palace he flew,
The women he ſeiz'd on, their huſbands he ſlew.
From Cuma this gen'ral march'd to Beneventum,
But the rulers ne'er dream'd he wou'd thus circumvent 'em;
Deſolation and ruin up to Rome's walls he ſpread,
And St. Paul and St. Peter were both ſeiz'd with dread.
My dear readers, this chief was Abdallah the Proud,
Who, by God, to chaſtiſe his own church was allow'd.
When the palace he enter'd, in chains all were caſt,
Prince, monks, lacquies, miniſters, and chiefs were made faſt,
As calves ty'd in couples upon ſledges are laid,
And to the next market ſad victims convey'd.
Thus appear'd the young duke and each worthy aſſeſſor,
All laid by the heels with the father confeſſor,
Who croſs'd himſelf often, and with fervency pray'd,
And preach'd reſolution, tho' ſorely diſmay'd.
The victors then ſhar'd when the vanquiſh'd were ty'd,
The booty the emirs in three parts divide;
Of men, and of horſes, and ſaints they diſpoſe,
And firſt from their captives they ſtrip off their clothes.
In all ages have taylors diſguis'd human nature,
So that man to man always was a moſt unknown *creature.*

Dreſs

Dreſs changes mens figures and their characters too,
To judge of man rightly we ſhou'd naked him view.
The muſſulman chief had the duke, at that time,
As already was ſaid, he was in his youth's prime;
Since he ſeem'd to be ſtrong, muleteer he was made,
And ſoon he was highly improv'd by that trade.
His nerves, which by ſloth and by eaſe weak were grown,
Inur'd to hard labour, acquir'd a new tone;
His ſloth, by adverſity taught, he ſubdu'd,
And valour in him ſprung from mean ſervitude.
Valour, when without pow'r, makes the ſtate of man worſe,
His impotence then is the heavier curſe.
Abdallah to pleaſure began to reſign
His ſoul, and in ſpite of his prophet drank wine.
The court and town ladies, all prone to adore him,
Were by the black eunuch each night brought before him;
By beauties attended he prepares for repoſe,
And ſhe's happy to whom he the handkerchief throws.
Whilſt the chief led a life of unceaſing delight,
Whilſt joy wing'd each hour, and love triumph'd at night,
In the ſtable much hardſhip and woe the prince bore,
Thoſe his comrades were now who were ſubjects before.
His mules all his care and attention requir'd,
He comb'd 'em each day till his hands were quite tir'd.
His woe to compleat, and to make him quite rave,
He beheld fair Amida led by the black ſlave

To ſhare, in her turn, the fell conqueror's bed:
Fir'd with rage at the ſight, to the eunuch he ſaid,
To make me quite wretched, there but wanted
this ſtroke.
Wonder ſeiz'd on the ſlave at the words which he
ſpoke;
In a language quite diff'rent, fair Amida reply'd,
With affection and ſorrow her young lover ſhe ey'd;
Her eloquent looks her full meaning expreſs,
They meant, Bear your woes, live my wrongs
to redreſs;
Your preſent mean ſtation I do not deſpiſe,
Your ſufferings give you new worth in my eyes.
Alamon took the meaning which her looks thus
expreſs'd,
And heart-cheering hope was reviv'd in his breaſt.
Amida with beauty tranſcendently bright,
So dazzl'd the chief of the muſſulman's ſight,
That, tranſported with paſſion, by Allah he ſwore,
He enjoyment had known but ne'er knew love
before.
The fair one reſiſted to increaſe his deſires,
Reſiſtance ſerv'd only to fan the chief's fires.
A woman's head ſtill with invention is fraught,
Said ſhe, Sir, your conqueſt I well may be thought;
You're unconquer'd in love as in warlike alarms,
All fall at your feet, or ruſh into your arms;
But the honour you mean me defer for three days,
And grant, to conſole me for ſuch ſad delays,
Two things, which as proofs of your love, I
require;
I'll grant, ſaid the pirate, whate'er you deſire.
Then make three Beneventers, ſaid ſhe, undergo
A couple of hundred ſound laſhes, or ſo;
This diſcipline for their tranſgreſſions is due;
This, Sir's, the firſt favour I hope for from you.

The

The ſecond, Sir, is, that you two mules wou'd
ſpare me,
Which may on a litter from time to time bear me;
And to drive 'em a muleeter of my own chuſing:
Your requeſts, ſaid Abdallah, there is no refuſing.
'Twas done ſoon as ſaid, and the hypocrite vile
With both courtiers who join'd their lord's youth
to beguile,
Receiv'd each their full quota, which pleas'd all
of the nation,
Who had often complain'd of mal-adminiſtration,
And the duke was the happieſt mortal alive,
Since permitted his miſtreſs in litter to drive.
All's not o'er, ſaid Amida, you muſt conquer
and reign,
Now's the time, or to die, or your crown to regain;
You're not wanting in courage, Ernon's faithful,
and I
Am reſolv'd to ſerve you and my country, or die.
Then make no delay but to Ernon repair,
To aſk pardon for all he has ſuffer'd take care;
To ſerve you what remains of his life he'll expoſe,
Return in three days, and then fall on your foes;
There's no time to be loſt, for Abdallah is bent
To accompliſh in three days his luſtful intent.
In love and in war time is precious you know;
Alamon with alacrity anſwer'd, I go.
Ernon, whom Amida had informed of all,
Lov'd his prince, tho' ungrateful, and lamented
his fall;
His gen'rous, brave friends all ſtood ready at hand,
And of ſoldiers he headed a moſt reſolute band.
Ernon tenderly wept when his prince he had found,
They arm'd in ſecret, march'd in ſilence profound.
Amida addreſs'd 'em, and her words cou'd impart
The love of true glory to each abject ſlave's heart,

Alamon cou'd both conduct and courage unite,
And a hero became when he firſt went to fight.
The Turk plung'd in lux'ry, who nothing miſtruſted,
Surpriz'd by the vanquiſh'd, in his turn was worſted.
Alamon to the palace had in triumph advanc'd
At the time when the Turk by ſoft pleaſure intranc'd,
Not having yet heard the dire turn of his fate,
Was with hopes of enjoying fair Amida elate.
His right he aſſerted, and took the Turk's place;
Then ſtraight there appear'd with a confident face,
The prieſt in whoſe air there appear'd much reſignment,
And the two knaviſh courtiers juſt broke from confinement;
Boaſting that they did all, tho' their boaſts were quite vain,
The influence they once had they hop'd to maintain.
To prove cruel and ſpiteful cowards but ſeldom have fail'd,
The monk was for having Abdallah impal'd.
The prince then reply'd with a reſolute tone,
Vile wretch, ſuch a puniſhment ſhou'd be your own;
By a ſhameful repoſe you to ruin had brought me,
This Turk and my miſtreſs true courage have taught me;
By your precepts miſguided, falſe zeal I ador'd,
But misfortunes and love have my virtues reſtor'd.
At peace, brave Abdallah, and in freedom depart,
'Tis you have reform'd both my mind and my heart:

Then

Then in freedom depart, no more trouble this ſtate,
And if ever it ſhou'd be ſo order'd by fate,
That o'er your dominions three knaves ſhou'd bear ſway,
Send directly for me, I'll your favour repay.

THE

EDUCATION

OF A

DAUGHTER.

WINTER ſtill laſts, my friends, and my greateſt delight
Is by telling long ſtories t' amuſe you at night.
Let us talk of dame Gertrude, I ne'er yet knew a prude
With charms more attractive or more various endu'd:
Tho' thirty-ſix years had paſs'd over her head,
The graces and loves were not yet from her fled.
Tho' grave in behaviour, ſhe was ne'er ſeen to frown,
Her eyes had much luſtre, yet ſhe ever look'd down;
Her breaſt white as ſnow was with gauze cover'd o'er,
Thro' which curious eyes cou'd its beauties explore.

A few touches of art, and a little red lead,
Gave a delicate glow to her natural red:
Her perſon neglecting more brightly ſhe ſhone,
Her dreſs ſtruck the eye by its neatneſs alone.
On her toilet a Bible was always diſplay'd,
And near Maſſillon was a pot of paint laid;
The devotions for Lent ſhe ſtill read o'er and o'er,
But what made zeal in her reſpected the more,
Was that ſhe in woman excus'd each raſh action,
For Gertrude the devout was no friend to detraction.
This dame had one daughter alone, ſeventeen
Was her age; a more bright beauty never was ſeen;
Of this lovely creature Iſabel was the name,
More fair than her mother, but her beauty the ſame.
They appear'd like Minerva and like Venus the fair,
To breed up her daughter was Gertrude's chief care.
Like a flow'r newly blown ſhe her child kept a ſtranger
To this wicked world's contagion and danger.
Cards, public diverſions, and gay converſation
To each innocent ſoul direful baits of temptation,
The true ſnares of Satan which the ſaints ever fly,
Were pleaſures which Gertrude's houſe ne'er durſt come nigh.
Gertrude had a chapel whereto to repair,
When minded to heaven to put up a pray'r;
There her leiſure ſhe oft' paſt in good meditations,
And her ſoul breath'd to heaven in ejaculations.
Reſplendent with richeſt of furniture ſhone
This retreat, to the eye of the public unknown:
A pair of ſtairs where the prophane ne'er durſt tread,
To the garden and from it into the ſtreet led.

You

You all know that in ſummer the ſun's ſcorching ray
Makes night oft more agreeable far than the day;
By the moon's ſilver light then the heavens are o'erſpread,
And girls take no pleaſure to ſlumber in bed.
Iſabel, whilſt with pleaſing pain throbb'd her ſoft breaſt,
(As girls at ſeventeen can't be always at reſt)
Paſs'd the night under ſhelter of ſome cooling ſhade,
Yet ſcarce ever thought for what uſe it was made.
Unmov'd ſhe ſaw nature, and never admir'd,
But roſe, went and came, juſt as caprice inſpir'd;
No object impreſſion could make on her mind,
She knew not how to think, yet to think was inclin'd.
At the chapel ſhe chanc'd to hear one day ſome ſtir,
That moment ſhe felt curioſity's ſpur;
No ſuſpicion ſhe had which could juſtly raiſe fear,
Yet trembling and with heſitation drew near;
One foot putting forward, on the ſtairs ſhe aſcended,
One hand ſhe held back, and the other extended;
With eye fix'd, out-ſtretch'd neck, and heart throbbing faſt,
Herſelf ſhe exerted to hear all that paſt.
The firſt thing ſhe hears is the voice of ſoft anguiſh,
Words half interrupted, ſighs of lovers that languiſh.
My mother's oppreſs'd by ſome pain or ſome care,
Cry'd ſhe, in her troubles I ſhou'd have my ſhare.
Approaching ſhe heard theſe ſoft words, Dear Andrew
For the bliſs of my life I'm indebted to you.

Iſabell

Iſabella this hearing took heart, and ſhe cry'd,
My mother is well, I ſhou'd be ſatisfy'd.
At length Iſabella retires to her bed,
But for ſighing can't ſleep, ſtrange things run in her head:
Bliſs Andrew beſtows, but how, by what art?
'Tis ſure a rare talent happineſs to impart.
Thus ſhe argu'd the caſe by herſelf all the night,
And impatiently wiſh'd the return of the night.
Iſabel the next morning ſhew'd ſome inquietude,
Her concern was quickly perceiv'd by Gertrude.
To Iſabel ſilence prov'd a taſk too ſevere,
To aſk prying queſtions ſhe cou'd not forbear.
Who's this Andrew, ſaid ſhe, madam, who's ſaid to know
The way upon woman true bliſs to beſtow?
Gertrude ſtarted, as juſtly it might be ſuppos'd
That all was diſcover'd, yet herſelf ſhe compos'd:
Then with perfect aſſurance to her daughter reply'd,
O'er every family a ſaint ſhou'd preſide;
I've made choice of St. Andrew, to him I'm devoted,
By him is my temporal welfare promoted:
I invoke him in ſecret, his aſſiſtance implore,
He often appears to me whilſt I adore;
There does not one ſaint in all Paradiſe dwell,
Who in holineſs can my St. Andrew excel.
A well-ſhap'd young man whom we Dennis ſhall name,
Soon of fair Iſabella enamour'd became.
From Iſabel Dennis moſt kind treatment found,
And their loves with enjoyment were frequently crown'd.
Gertrude to ev'ry ſtir in her turn giving ear,
Chanc'd the anthems ſung by Iſabella to hear,

And

And the pray'rs which ſhe made whilſt ſhe Dennis careſs'd,
In extacy ſtraining him to her ſoft breaſt.
Surprizing our lovers, Gertrude was enrag'd:
Her paſſion the daughter by this anſwer aſſwag'd:
Dear mother, excuſe me, for patron I claim
St. Dennis, as your ſaint St. Andrew you name.
Gertrude then grown wiſer greater happineſs knew,
Retaining her lover, ſhe to ſaints bid adieu,
She dropt the vain project of deceiving mankind:
They're not to be cheated, for Envy's not blind;
With piercing eye Envy will ſee thro' your maſk;
To conjecture is eaſy, to feign a hard taſk;
To live free is a bleſſing, but all pleaſures are faint
To the wretch who lives under perpetual conſtraint.
The fair Iſabel liv'd no longer retir'd,
In charms ſhe increas'd, by the town was admir'd.
Thoſe pleaſures which Gertrude had excluded before,
She agreed as companions of love to reſtore:
There the moſt polite people in joy paſt their days,
Nought is found in good company undeſerving of praiſe.

THE

THREE MANNERS.

HOW form'd were th' Athenians true joy to impart!
How their genius delights and enlivens my heart!
How under their fictions ingenious I trace
Truth's likeneſs, and ſoon grow in love with her *face!*

But

But of all their inventions that which ſtrikes me
the moſt
Is the ſtage, of Athenians the pride and the boaſt;
Whereon heroes renown'd, and the chiefs of old
times,
Cou'd act over again both their good deeds and
crimes.
You ſee how all nations in this preſent age
Adopt their example, and wou'd rival their ſtage.
No folio inſtruction like the drama conveys,
Periſh, periſh the wretches who wou'd cenſure all
plays;
When that vile, abject race firſt exiſted below,
A heart Nature on them forgot to beſtow.
At the Greeks ſolemn games, 'twas the cuſtom to
crown
Men of eminent virtue and chiefs of renown;
Before the people juſtice was done to their merit,
Thus oft' I've ſeen Villars and Maurice, whoſe
ſpirit
And conduct from courtiers met with cenſure ſe-
vere,
When they went to the opera receive laurels there.
Thus when Richlieu victorious return'd from
Mahon,
Which he bravely had taken as curs'd envy muſt
own,
Wherever he paſs'd he receiv'd loud applauſe;
Not greater Clairon from the crowded pit draws.
Before buſkins were known in old Æſchylus' time,
Ere Melpomene trod the ſtage with ſteps ſublime,
To young lovers was granted a much envy'd prize,
Whoever inſpir'd by his miſtreſs' bright eyes,
In the year had done moſt, and moſt tenderneſs
ſhewn,
That man was before all the Greeks crown'd alone.

The

The cauſe of her paſſion was by each fair one
pleaded,
Her lover's claim ſhe by her eloquence aided,
Having firſt made an oath to abſtain from all art,
Nor like orators aim at miſleading the heart,
Without exaggeration their cauſe to ſupport;
A hard taſk to women as to lawyers at court.
Still extant remains one of theſe fine debates,
Which took riſe from the leiſure of Greece's
free ſtates.
Eudames being archon, if my mem'ry's right,
Three beauties appearing fill'd all Greece with
delight;
Ægle, Apamis, and Teone were their names;
The wits of all Greece ran in crowds to the
games:
Tho' great talkers, they then kept a ſilence pro-
found,
Attentively liſt'ning as the ſtage they went round.
In a golden cloud Venus with young Cupid de-
ſcended,
To all that the diſputants utter'd attended.
Firſt began youthful Ægle, who had graces and
art,
Which charming eye and ear found a way to the
heart.
Hermotimes my much lov'd, my much honour'd
ſire,
Throughout his whole life felt true genius's fire,
He attach'd himſelf always to thoſe gifts of the
mind,
Thoſe elegant arts which have poliſh'd mankind;
To ſcience devoted, from all honours he fled,
And life unambitious with his family led;
His daughter he would to no huſband conſign,
But to one who like him felt the influence divine,
Who

Who beſt knew to ſing to the lyre, and to paint
The few charms nature gave me, which indeed
are but faint.
Young Lygdamon lov'd me; nat'ral genius alone,
By art unaſſiſted, in him brightly ſhone,
Diſcreet and ingenious, both refin'd and polite,
He ne'er ſpoke as a ſcholar, but always ſpoke right;
He no talents poſſeſs'd, yet could judge of each art,
Ev'ry grace his mind form'd, and ſoft love fill'd
his heart;
He knew to love only; in that art he excell'd;
My heart ſoon to learn it from him was compell'd.
When my ſire would have acted a tyrannical part,
And have torn me from him who poſſeſs'd my
ſad heart,
And would with ſome painter have caus'd me to
wed,
Some genius to muſick and poetry bred,
How inceſſant the tears trickl'd from my ſad eyes,
Deſpotic power o'er us parents would exerciſe!
Since we owe life to them, o'er our lives they
have power
Like gods, ſo for death I prepar'd in ſad hour;
Confus'd and deſpairing wretched Lygdamon fled,
And ſought ſome aſylum where to ſhelter his head.
My ſire meant in ſix months to diſpoſe of my hand,
That delay was expected by the whole am'rous
band.
No room had they then their ſad talents to ſhew,
I was grown a mere picture of ſorrow and woe.
The moments ſwift flying increas'd my alarms,
My lov'd Lygdamon had retir'd from my arms;
When my lovers ſhou'd meet I expected my doom,
To eſcape 'em, I wiſh'd to ſink into my tomb.
Twenty rivals productions were expoſed to men's
eyes;

To a thouſand debates their productions gave riſe:
I who had not ſeen any for none cou'd decide,
My father impatient wou'd have made me the bride
Of the proud Harpagus, whoſe works greatly were priz'd,
To him I was going to be ſacrific'd.
A ſlave then who ſeem'd to arrive in poſt-haſte
The work of a ſtranger full in their view plac'd:
All preſent then fix'd on the canvas their eyes,
'Twas my picture, ſo like that it caus'd much ſurprize.
In the picture I ſeem'd both to breathe and to ſpeak,
And ſigh as my heart were juſt going to break;
In my air, in my eyes perfect love was expreſs'd,
Art appear'd not, 'twas nature repreſented at beſt;
On the canvas appear'd by art wond'rous and new,
The ſoul and the body at once to the view;
There deep ſhade was united with light's mildeſt gleams,
As at morning we ſee the ſun dart his bright beams
Athwart our vaſt foreſts circl'd round with thick ſhades,
And gild fruits and harveſts, green meadows and glades.
To find fault was only Harpagus' deſire,
The reſt all ſtood ſilent and were forc'd to admire.
Who's this, cry'd out Harpagus, loſt in amaze,
That painting to ſuch high perfection cou'd raiſe?
To whom at laſt ſhall I my daughter conſign?
Lygdamon then appearing, ſaid, ſhall ſhe be mine?
'Tis love that's the painter, love alone on my breaſt
Has this lively image of my Ægle impreſs'd.

'Twas love's pow'r on the canvas directed my hand,
What art is not ſubject to that god's high command?
'Tis his power alone that can all arts inſpire.
Then to voice ſoft and tender attuning his lyre,
Of tones and notes various he made muſic ſo fine,
All thought themſelves ſeated at a concert divine;
LikeApelles he painted, and likeOrpheus he ſung,
With rage and with fury was Harpagus ſtung;
Fire flaſh'd from his eyes, and his anger ſuppreſs'd,
His viſage inflam'd, and boil'd fierce in his breaſt.
Then ſeizing with frenzy a javelin, he flew,
In Lygdamon's blood his fell hands to embrue;
My lover to ſlay the barbarian intended,
And over two lives dire deſtruction impended.
Lygdamon, who perceiv'd him, was no way diſmay'd;
But with the ſame hand that ſo ſkilfully play'd,
Which the hearts and the minds of his hearers had charm'd,
He rais'd his foe whom he had fought and diſarm'd.
Then ſure to love's prize he may juſtly lay claim,
Permit me to grant the reward of his flame.
Thus ſpoke the fair Ægle. Love applauds her diſcourſe,
And the theatre rung, the Greeks clapp'd with ſuch force.
To hear this applauſe drew a bluſh from the dame,
And her paſſion for Lygdamon fiercer became.

Then roſe Teone, nor her ſpeech nor her air
Were formed by art, or ſeem'd ſtudy'd with care;
TheGreeks when ſhe roſe, for a time ſeem'd more gay,
Her adventure with ſmiles ſhe began to diſplay

In

In verſe of leſs length, and a different meaſure,
Which runs with great eaſe, and is heard with much pleaſure:
'Twas in ſuch the gay Hamilton ſtill choſe to write;
Such nature has often been known to indite.

TEONE.

Young Agaton you all muſt know,
His charms like thoſe of Nereus ſhew;
His cheeks glow'd with a lovely red,
And ſcarce with down were overſpread;
His eyes like Venus's are ſweet,
His voice like hers with love replete.
Lilies united with the roſe
The tincture of his hue compoſe;
The ringlets of Apollo's hair
Are not ſo graceful, long, and fair.
When of fit age to be a wife,
I choſe him as my own for life,
My heart was not his captive made
By outward charms which quickly fade;
Like Paris he can ſtrike the eye,
In ſtrength with fam'd Achilles vie.
One evening as I with my aunt
Took on the Ægean ſea a jaunt,
Near one of thoſe delightful iſles
On which kind heav'n for ever ſmiles,
A Lydian veſſel, great of ſize,
Seiz'd on our ſloop as lawful prize.
Long had the corſair, then grown grey,
Cruiz'd near thoſe iſles in queſt of prey,
Girls in the bloom of youth he fought,
Theſe to his governor he brought.

&c.

He wanted one about my age,
Saw ſomething in me to engage;
He let my antient aunt go free,
And as men ſparrows catch, ſeiz'd me;
With haſte then to his maſter goes,
Of his new booty to diſpoſe.
My good aunt then with clam'rous cries
And boſom ſwoln with ſorrow flies
To the Pyreum, there to tell
Whoe'er ſhe met of what befel;
How her Teone was the prey
Of a corſair that rov'd the ſea;
Of one who dealt in female ware,
And meant to ſell me at ſome fair.
Think you was Agaton content
With tears what happen'd to lament?
On canvas with a bruſh to trace
The various features of my face,
To tune his lyre, his voice to raiſe,
To ſing my loſs and beauties praiſe?
To arms my lover had recourſe,
Reſolv'd to get me back by force:
Not having wherewithal to pay
Thoſe that engage in ev'ry fray,
He to his youthful figure truſted,
And like a girl himſelf adjuſted,
With petticoat and ſtays when dreſs'd,
He hid a poniard in his breaſt;
Then in a ſloop he brav'd the main,
Bent or to die or me regain.
The youth arrived ſoon thus array'd,
To where Mæander winding play'd.
So bright his charms were, he ſeem'd born
The court of ſome prince to adorn;
He ſeem'd a ſheep made for the fold
To which I juſt before was ſold.

When

When he began on ſhore to tread,
To my ſeraglio he was led.
No girl before was ever bleſs'd
With joy like that which fill'd my breaſt,
When I in my ſeraglio ſpy'd
My Grecian lover at my ſide,
And that within my pow'r it lay
All that his love dar'd to repay;
Him I accepted as my own,
The deities appear'd alone
At nuptials in ſuch hurry made;
No prieſt was by in robes array'd;
And thoſe who to a maſter bend,
Have ſeldom ſervants to attend.
At night the am'rous ſatrap came
To my bed-ſide, talk'd of his flame,
His luſt to gratify he thought,
But one fine girl was to him brought.
On ſeeing two, with great ſurprize,
I can't too many have, he cries,
Your lovely friend I much admire,
Company's all that I deſire;
Tho' two, I'll find means to content you,
Let no curs'd jealouſy torment you.
When thus he had his mind expreſs'd,
He both his miſtreſſes careſs'd,
His word preparing to make good,
To do as he had ſaid he would;
For Agaton I was afraid,
But my brave Greek quite undiſmay'd
Upon the luſtful ſatrap flew,
Seiz'd on his hair, his poniard drew,
Diſcover'd that he was a man,
And boldly thus to ſpeak began:
Your doors this inſtant open throw,
Out of this houſe let us three go;

By

By ſigns your whole attendant band
Not to follow after us command;
To the ſhore let us take our way,
And there embark without delay.
I'll watch you with attentive eyes,
If word or geſture I ſurprize,
If the leaſt doubtful ſign I ſpy,
That very inſtant you ſhall die;
Your corpſe into the river thrown
Shall to the bottom quick go down.
The ſatrap, tho' a noble peer,
Was very liable to fear;
He with great readineſs obey'd;
The man is gentle that's afraid.
Then in the little bark with haſte
With us the governor we plac'd.
Soon as in Greece we all were landed,
The vanquiſh'd's ranſom was demanded;
A round ſum in good gold was paid,
This money was my dowry made.
Acknowledge then my lover's deed
Does that of Lygdamon exceed;
That juſt had been my ſad complaint,
Had he amus'd himſelf to paint
My face, or in elab'rate verſe
My various graces to rehearſe.

Her paſſion delighted, Greece heard her diſplay
With eaſe unaffected, with ſimplicity gay,
All that Teone ſaid was with fire animated,
Grace in telling has more force than what is related.
They applauded, they laugh'd, laughter Greeks never tires,
When man's happy what ſignifies what he admires.

Apamia

Apamis then, her eyes with tears flowing, advanc'd,
Her ſorrows inchanted and her charms inhanc'd.
The Greeks when ſhe ſpoke took a more ſerious air,
No heart in her favour delay'd to declare.
In moderate meaſure ſhe related the woes
Which from her unhappy love's adventure aroſe;
The ſmooth running ſyllables gave delight to each ear,
And arrang'd with much art quite neglected appear.
The melody of this eaſy metre's divine,
The long oft' tires the ear, tho' acknowledg'd more fine.

APAMIS.

Tho' ſome curs'd ſtar then rul'd the earth,
'Twas Amatonte firſt gave me birth,
Bleſs'd region! where in Greece, 'tis ſaid,
The mother of the loves was bred,
Her cradle to that happy ſhore
The ever-ſmiling pleaſures bore;
Tho' born the human race to bleſs,
Me ſhe has loaded with diſtreſs.
From her pure law no ill cou'd flow,
She pour'd down only good below,
Whilſt her law nature's law remain'd;
Curs'd rigour has her altars ſtain'd:
The gods are merciful and kind,
But prieſts to cruelty inclin'd.
A law they made ſevere as new,
That any nymph that prov'd untrue,
Her life ſhou'd in that water cloſe
From whence Love's goddeſs once aroſe,

Unleſs

Unleſs her forfeit life to ſave
Some lover choſe a wat'ry grave.
Can nothing then but puniſhment
Inconſtancy in love prevent?
Should woman, weak and prone to change
From love to love, inconſtant range?
We'll own 'tis bad, but cannot ſee
Of drowning the neceſſity.
Oh Venus, beauty of the ſkies,
From whom my woes and joys took riſe,
Whom I with ſo devout a care
Serv'd with young Batilus the fair,
I upon you as witneſs call
Of my love's force, you know it all;
You know if e'er my flame to feed
My paſſion ſtood of fear in need;
With love reciprocal delighted,
Our two ſouls were as one united;
I and my lover felt that fire
Which once the goddeſs did inſpire.
The ſun when he began his courſe,
Was witneſs of our paſſion's force;
And when his ſetting rays the vale
Began to gild, he heard our tale;
But moſt the ſable ſhades of night
Were conſcious of our ſoft delight.
Arcenax, by love diſclaim'd,
Whoſe heart to ev'ry vice was fram'd,
Lov'd me, but 'twas thro' ſpight alone,
This all his words and deeds made known:
Still he was jealous, for by fate
The wretch was pre-ordain'd to hate;
Envy's curſt poiſons he let fall,
His tongue diſtill'd vile ſlander's gall.
Hateful informers, monſters dire,
To hell, which gave you birth, retire;

To

To hurt me ſo much art was us'd,
That e'en my lover was abus'd,
And innocence a victim fell
To fraud, the off-ſpring curſt of hell.
Do not require to have diſplay'd
The horrid plot this monſter laid;
Such thoughts no place have in my ſoul,
My lover there ſtill claims the whole.
In vain I to Love's goddeſs pray'd,
By all I found myſelf betray'd;
Condemn'd to end my life and woes
In the ſea whence fair Venus roſe.
To death I was a victim led,
Tears, as I paſt, by a'l were ſhed
With unavailing ſorrow all
Lamented my untimely fall;
When to me Batilus addreſs'd
A letter, which my fate reverſs'd,
Dear fatal note, which with it brought
Tidings that worſe than death I thought!
I almoſt ſunk in endleſs night,
When words like theſe firſt ſtruck my ſight:
"Tho' to my love you were not true,
"I'm yet reſolv'd to die for you."
'Twas done as ſaid; my life to ſave,
My lover plung'd into the wave.
All at his boldneſs were amaz'd,
They wept, and much his courage prais'd.
Oh death thy aid I then requir'd,
To end my woes alone deſir'd:
To follow Batilus I meant,
But cruel friendſhip would prevent;
By force kept from the ſhades below,
I was condemn'd to life and woe.
The curs'd impoſtor's helliſh ſpight,
Altho' too late, was brought to light;

He in his turn death underwent,
I gain not by his puniſhment.
Lovely Batilus is no more,
For me he fought the Stygian ſhore.
To you, O judges, I repair,
Grant to my ſighs and tender care
Such needful aid, ſuch kind relief
As may but mitigate my grief:
Grant the youth who reſign'd his breath
The prize he merited by death;
'Twill cheer him in the ſhades below,
But I ſhall comfort no more know:
Then let your generous hearts once more
Force to this trembling hand reſtore,
That on his tomb before your eyes
It may write, "Athens gives this prize."
Sobs ſtopp'd her when ſhe thus had ſaid,
Ceaſing, a flood of tears ſhe ſhed.
Compaſſion touch'd each judge's breaſt;
They firſt took Ægle's ſide,
With Teone laugh'd at each jeſt,
With Apamis they cry'd.
I'm ſorry that I cannot find
To whom the laurel was aſſign'd.

My friends cloſe by the fire-ſide ſeated
Theſe tales for you I have repeated;
I to an antient author owe 'em,
And hope you will ſome favour ſhow 'em;
You of their merit muſt decide,
I by your judgment will abide.

THELEMA

THELEMA and MACAREUS.

THELEMA's lively, all admire
Her charms, but ſhe's too full of fire;
Impatience ever racks her breaſt,
Her heart a ſtranger is to reſt.
A jocund youth of bulky ſize
This nymph beheld with tender eyes,
From hers his humour differ'd quite,
Black does not differ more from white.
On his broad face and open mien
There dwelt tranquility ſerene;
His converſe is from languor free
And boiſterous vivacity.
His ſleep was ſound and ſweet at night,
Active he was at morn like light;
As day advanc'd he pleas'd ſtill more,
Macareus was the name he bore.
His miſtreſs void of thought as fair
Tormented him with too much care:
She adoration thought her due,
And into fierce reproaches flew;
Her Macareus with laughter left,
And of all hopes of bliſs bereft.
From clime to clime like mad ſhe ran
To ſeek the dear, the faithleſs man:
From him ſhe cou'd not live content,
So firſt of all to court ſhe went.
There ſhe of ev'ry one inquir'd,
Is Macareus with you retir'd?
Hearing that name the witlings there
To laugh and ſmile cou'd ſcarce forbear.
Madam, ſaid they, who is this 'ſquire
Macareus for whom you inquire?

Madam, his character diſplay,
Or elſe we ſha'n't know what to ſay.
He is a man, return'd the fair,
Poſſeſs'd of each endowment rare,
A man of virtue ſo refin'd,
He hated none of human kind;
To whom no man e'er ow'd a ſpite
Who always knew to reaſon right,
Who void of care liv'd ſtill at eaſe,
And knew all human kind to pleaſe.
The courtiers anſwer'd with a ſneer,
You are not like to find him here,
Mortals with ſuch endowments rare
But ſeldom to the court repair:
The fair then to the city bent
Her way, and ſtopp'd at a convent.
She thought that in that calm retreat
She might her tranquil lover meet.
Madam, then ſaid the under prior,
The man for whom you thus inquire
We long have waited for in vain,
To viſit us he ne'er did deign.
But ſuch a loſs to compenſate,
We've idle time and vigils late;
We have our ſtated days of faſting
With diſcord and diviſions laſting.
A ſhort monk then with crown ſhav'd o'er,
Said, madam, ſeek this man no more;
For I'm by falſe reports miſled,
Or elſe your lover's long ſince dead.
What the monk inſolently ſaid
Made Thelema with rage grow red:
Brother, ſaid ſhe, I'd have you know
The man who has caus'd all my woe
Was made for me, and me alone,
He's in this world on which I'm thrown;

With me he'll live and die content,
I'm properly his element:
Who ought elſe told you on my word
Has ſaid a thing that's moſt abſurd.
This ſaid, away the fair one ran,
Reſolv'd to find th' inconſtant man.
At Paris, where the wits abound,
Perhaps, ſaid ſhe, he may be found,
The wits ſpeak of him as a ſage;
One of them ſaid, you by our page,
Madam, perhaps have been miſled;
When there of Macareus you read,
We ſpoke of one we never knew.
Then near ſhe to the palace drew,
Shutting her eyes, quick paſs'd the fair,
My love, ſhe cry'd, can't ſure be there;
There's ſome attractions in a court,
But who'd to this vile place reſort?
Themis' black followers needs muſt prove
Eternal foes to him I love.
Fair Thelema at Rameau's ſhrine,
Where the muſe utters ſtrains divine,
The man who her ſo much neglected
There to meet, was what ſhe expected.
At thoſe feaſts oft' ſhe was a gueſt,
Where meet gay people richly dreſs'd;
Such people as we all agree
To call the beſt of company.
People of an addreſs polite,
She look'd upon at the firſt ſight
As perfect copies of her lover;
But ſhe ſoon after cou'd diſcover,
That ſtriving moſt to appear the ſame,
They ſtill were wideſt of their aim.
At laſt the fair one in deſpair,
Finding how vain was all her care,

And grown of her inquiries tir'd,
To her retreat wou'd have retir'd:
The object which ſhe there firſt ſpy'd
Was Macareus by her bed ſide;
He waited there hid from her eyes,
That he the fair one might ſurprize:
Henceforward, ſaid he, live with me,
From all inquietude be free,
Do not, like vain and haughty dames,
Be too aſſuming in your claims;
And if you wou'd henceforth poſſeſs
My perſon and my tenderneſs,
Never more make demands more high
Than ſuits me with them to comply.
Who's underſtood by either name,
Both of the lover and the dame,
The folks who are profound in Greek
Cannot be very far to ſeek.
Taught by this emblem they'll relate
What's to be ev'ry mortal's fate,
Thee Macareus * tho' all men chuſe,
Tho' much they love thee, oft' they loſe;
And I'm perſuaded that you dwell
With me, tho' this I fear to tell.
Who boaſts that with thee he is bleſs'd,
By envy oft' is diſpoſſeſs'd;
A man ſhou'd know, to make thee ſure,
How to live happy whilſt obſcure.

* The late Mr. Vadé has done his readers the juſtice to believe that they know, that Macareus is happineſs, and Thelema deſire or will.

AZOLAN.

AZOLAN.

AT village liv'd, in days of yore,
A youth bred in Mohammed's lore;
His well-turn'd limbs were form'd with grace,
With blooming beauty glow'd his face;
His name was Azolan, with care
The Khoran he had wrote out fair;
Was on its ſtudy ever bent,
To get it all by heart he meant.
From the moſt early youth his breaſt
By zeal for Gabriel was poſſeſs'd;
This miniſter of the moſt high
Deſcended to him from the ſky.
The zeal that in thy boſom glows,
Said he, thy guardian Gabriel knows:
To Gabriel gratitude is dear,
To make your fortune I'm come here;
You'll in ſhort time as firſt divine
Of Medina and Mecca ſhine;
This, next to his place who is chief
Of all who hold the true belief,
Is the moſt high and wealthy ſtation
In holy Mahomet's donation.
When you your duties once begin,
Honours on all ſides will pour in;
But you a ſolemn oath muſt make
The whole ſex female to forſake;
To lead a life moſt chaſte, and ne'er
But thro' a grate to view the fair.
Too haſtily the beauteous boy,
That he church treaſures might enjoy,
Fell eaſily into the ſnare,
Nor of his folly was aware.

Our new-made imam was elate,
Seeing himſelf become ſo great;
His joy the ſalary enhanc'd,
Which was immediately advanc'd
By a clerk of important air,
Who with him ſtill went ſhare and ſhare.
No joy can dignity ſupply,
Nor wealth, ſhou'd love his aid deny.
Each morning as the day return'd,
The youth, who with love's flames ſtill burn'd,
Being by his curs'd oath enchain'd,
Of his ſad ſlavery complain'd,
Avowing freely in his heart,
That he had play'd a fooliſh part.
Amina fair by chance he ſpies,
With youthful bloom and charming eyes;
He loves Amina, ſhe in turn
For him feels love's flame equal burn.
Then Medina farewel, he cry'd,
Mecca, vain pomp and fooliſh pride;
Amina, miſtreſs of my breaſt,
We'll both live in my village bleſs'd.
From heav'n th' archangel made deſcent,
Severely to reproach him bent:
The tender lover thus replies;
Do but behold my miſtreſs' eyes;
I find of me you've made a jeſt,
I'm by your contract quite diſtreſs'd;
With all you gave I'll freely part,
I aſk alone Amina's heart.
The prudent and the ſacred lore
Of Mahomet I muſt adore;
Love's joys he grants to the elect,
Nay he allows 'em to expect
Amina's and eternal love,
In his bright Paradiſe above.

To heaven again dear Gabriel go,
My zeal for you ſhall ſtill o'erflow;
To the empyreum then repair,
Without my love I'd not go there.

THE

ORIGIN of TRADES.

WHEN with a ſkilful hand Prometheus made
A ſtatue that the human form diſplay'd,
Pandora his own work to wed he choſe,
And from thoſe two the human race aroſe.
When firſt to know herſelf the fair began,
She play'd her ſmile's enchantment upon man;
By ſoftneſs and alluring ſpeech ſhe gain'd
Th' aſcendant, and her maſter ſoon enchain'd;
Her beauty on Prometheus' ſenſe ne'er pall'd,
And the firſt huſband was the firſt enthrall'd.
The god of war ſoon ſaw the new-form'd fair;
His manly beauty and his martial air,
His golden caſque and all his glitt'ring arms
Pandora pleas'd, and he enjoy'd her charms.
When the ſea's ruler in his humid court
Had heard of this intrigue from fame's report,
The fair he ſought, a like reception found,
Could Neptune fail where Mars a triumph found?
Day's light-hair'd god from his reſplendent height
Their pleaſures ſaw, and hop'd the ſame delight;
She could not to refuſe him have the heart,
Who o'er the day preſides and ev'ry art.

Mercury with eloquence declar'd his flame,
And in his turn he triumph'd o'er the dame.
Squalid and footy from his forge, at firſt
Vulcan was ill receiv'd, and gave diſguſt;
But he by importunity obtain'd
What other gods with ſo much eaſe had gain'd.
Pandora's prime thus wing'd with pleaſure flew,
Then ſhe in languor liv'd, nor wherefore knew.
She that devotes to love her life's firſt ſpring,
As years increaſe can do no other thing;
For e'en to gods inconſtancy is known,
And thoſe who dwell in heav'n to change are prone.
Pandora of her favours had been free
To gods who left her; happ'ning then to ſee
A ſatyr who thro' plains and meadows ſtray'd,
Smit with his mien, ſhe love-advances made;
To theſe amours our race exiſtence owes,
From ſuch amuſements all mankind aroſe;
Hence thoſe varieties in talents ſpring,
In genius, paſſions, buſ'neſs, every thing:
To Vulcan one, to Mars one owes his birth,
This to a ſatyr; very few on earth
Claim any kindred with the god of day,
Few that celeſtial origin diſplay.
From parents each his taſte and turn derives:
But moſt of all trades now Pandora's thrives;
The moſt delightful, tho' leaſt rare it ſeems,
And is the trade all Paris moſt eſteems.

THE

THE

BLACK AND THE WHITE.

THE adventure of the youthful Ruſtan is generally known throughout the whole province of Candahar. He was the only ſon of a mirza of that country: the title of mirza there is much the ſame with that of marquis amongſt us, or that of baron amongſt the Germans. The mirza his father had a handſome fortune. Young Ruſtan was to be married to a mirzaſſe, or young lady of his own rank; the two families earneſtly deſired their union. Ruſtan was to become the comfort of his parents, to make his wife happy, and to live bleſt in her poſſeſſion.

But he had unfortunately ſeen the princeſs of Cachemire at the fair of Kaboul, which is the moſt conſiderable fair in the world, and much more frequented than thoſe of Baſſora and Aſtracan; the occaſion that brought the old prince of Cachemire to the fair with his daughter was as follows:

He had loſt the two moſt precious curioſities of his treaſury; one of them was a diamond as thick as a man's thumb, upon which the figure of his daughter was engraved by an art which was then poſſeſſed by the Indians and has ſince been loſt; the other was a javelin which went of itſelf wherever its owner thought proper to ſend it; this is nothing very extraordinary amongſt us, but it was thought ſo at Cachemire.

A faquir belonging to his highneſs ſtole theſe two curioſities; he carried them to the princeſs: keep theſe two curioſities with the utmoſt care, ſaid he, your deſtiny depends upon them. Having ſpoke thus he departed, and was not afterwards ſeen. The duke of Cachemire in deſpair reſolved to viſit the fair of Kaboul, in order to ſee whether there might not, amongſt the merchants who go thither from all the quarters of the world, be ſome one poſſeſſed of his diamond and his weapon. He carried his daughter with him in all his travels. She carried her diamond well faſtened to her girdle; but the javelin, which ſhe could not ſo eaſily hide, ſhe had carefully locked up at Cachemire in a large cheſt.

Ruſtan and ſhe ſaw each other at Kaboul; they loved one another with all the ſincerity of perſons of their age, and all the tenderneſs of affection natural to thoſe of their country. The princeſs gave Ruſtan her diamond as a pledge of her love, and he promiſed at his departure to go incognito to Cachemire, in order to pay her a viſit.

The young mirza had two favourites, who ſerved him as ſecretaries, grooms, ſtewards, and valets de chambre; the name of one was Topaze; he was handſome, well-ſhaped, fair as a Circaſſian beauty, as mild and ready to ſerve as an Armenian, and as wiſe as a Guebre. The name of the other was Ebene; he was a very beautiful negro, more active and induſtrious than Topaze, and one that thought nothing difficult. The young mirza communicated his intention of travelling to theſe. Topaze endeavoured to diſſuade him from it with the circumſpect zeal of *a ſervant who* was unwilling to offend him; he re-

repreſented to him the great danger to which he expoſed himſelf; he aſked him how he could leave two families in deſpair? how he could pierce the hearts of his parents? He ſhook the reſolution of Ruſtan; but Ebene confirmed it anew, and obviated all his objections.

The young man was not furniſhed with money to defray the charge of ſo long a voyage; the prudent Topaze would not have lent him any; Ebene ſupplied him; he with great addreſs ſtole his maſter's diamond, made a falſe one exactly like it which he put in its place, and pledged the true one to an Armenian for ſeveral thouſand roupies.

As ſoon as the marquis was poſſeſſed of his roupies, all things were in readineſs for his departure; an elephant was loaden with his baggage, his attendants mounted on horſe-back. Topaze ſaid to his maſter, I have taken the liberty to expoſtulate with you upon your enterprize, but after expoſtulating, it is my duty to obey; I am devoted to you, I love you, I will follow you to the extremity of the earth; but let us by the way conſult the oracle that is but two paraſonges diſtant from here: Ruſtan conſented. The anſwer returned by the oracle was, "If you go to the eaſt you will be at the weſt." Ruſtan could not gueſs the meaning of this anſwer. Topaze maintained that it boded no good. Ebene, always complaiſant to his maſter, perſuaded him that it was highly favourable.

There was another oracle at Kaboul; they went to it; the oracle of Kaboul made anſwer in theſe words, "If you poſſeſs, you will ceaſe "to poſſeſs; if you are conqueror you will not "conquer; if you are Ruſtan, you will ceaſe

"to

" to be ſo." This oracle appeared ſtill more unintelligible than the former. Take care of yourſelf, ſaid Topaze: fear nothing, ſaid Ebene; and this miniſter, as may well be imagined, was always thought in the right by his maſter, whoſe paſſions and hopes he encouraged. Having left Kaboul, they paſſed through a vaſt foreſt; they ſeated themſelves upon the graſs, in order to take a repaſt, and left their horſes grazing. The attendants were preparing to unload the elephant which carried the dinner, the table, cloth, plates, &c. when all on a ſudden Topaze and Ebene were perceived by the little caravan to be miſſing. They were called, the foreſt reſounded with the names of Topaze and Ebene; the lacquies ſeek them on every ſide, and fill the foreſt with their cries; they return without having ſeen any thing, and without having received any anſwer. We have, ſaid they to Ruſtan, found nothing but a vulture that fought with an eagle, and ſtript it of all its feathers. The mention of this combat excited the curioſity of Ruſtan; he went on foot to the place, he perceived neither vulture nor eagle; but he ſaw his elephant, which was ſtill loaden with baggage, attacked by a huge rhinoceros: one ſtruck with its horn, the other with its proboſcis. The rhinoceros deſiſted upon ſeeing Ruſtan; his elephant was brought back, but his horſes were not to be found. Strange things happen in foreſts to travellers, cried Ruſtan. The ſervants were in great conſternation, and the maſter in deſpair, for having at once loſt his horſes, his dear negro, and the wife Topaze, for whom he ſtill had a friendſhip, though he always differed from him in opinion.

The

The hopes of being ſoon at the feet of the beauteous princeſs of Cachemire conſoled the mirza, when he met with a huge ſtreaked aſs, which a vigorous two-handed country clown beat with an oaken cudgel. The aſſes of this ſort are extreamly beautiful, very ſcarce, and beyond expreſſion ſwift in running. The aſs returned the reiterated blows of the clown by kicks which might have rooted up an oak. The young mirza, as was reaſonable, took upon him the defence of the aſs, which was a charming creature. The clown betook himſelf to flight, crying to the aſs, You ſhall pay for this.

The aſs thanked her deliverer in her own language, approached him, let herſelf be careſſed, and careſſed him in her turn. After dinner, Ruſtan mounts her, and takes the road to Cachemire with his ſervants, who follow him ſome on foot and ſome upon the elephant. Scarce was he got upon his aſs, when that animal turned towards Kaboul, inſtead of proceeding to Cachemire. It was to no purpoſe for her maſter to turn the bridle, to kick, to preſs the ſides of the beaſt with his knees, to ſpur, to ſlacken the bridle, to pull towards him, to whip both on the right and the left, the obſtinate animal perſiſted to run towards Kaboul.

Ruſtan ſweated, fretted, and raved; when he met with a dealer in camels, who ſaid to him, Maſter, you have got a very malicious beaſt, which carries you where you do not chuſe to go; if you will give it to me, I will give you the choice of four of my camels. Ruſtan thanked providence for having thrown ſo good a bargain in his way. Topaze was very much in the wrong, ſaid he, to tell me that my journey would

would prove unproſperous. He mounts the handſomeſt camel, the other three follow; he rejoins his caravan, and ſees himſelf in the road to his happineſs.

Scarce had he walked four parafonges, when he was ſtopped by a deep, broad, and impetuous torrent, which rolled upon rocks white with foam; the two banks were frightful precipices which dazzled the ſight and made the blood run cold: to paſs was impracticable, it was impoſſible to go to the right or the left. I am beginning to be afraid, ſaid Ruſtan, that Topaze was in the right in blaming my journey, and that I was in the wrong in undertaking it; if he was ſtill here he might give me good advice; if I had Ebene with me, he would comfort me and find expedients; but every thing fails me. This perplexity was increaſed by the conſternation of his attendants: the night was dark, and they paſſed it in lamentations. At laſt fatigue and dejection made the amorous traveller fall aſleep. He awakes at day-break, and ſees a beautiful marble bridge built upon the torrent, which reached from ſhore to ſhore.

Nothing was heard but exclamations, cries of aſtoniſhment, and joy. Is it poſſible? Is this a dream? What a prodigy is this! What an enchantment! Shall we venture to paſs? The whole company kneeled, roſe up, went to the bridge, kiſſed the ground, looked up to heaven, ſtretched out their hands, ſet their feet on it with trembling, went to and fro, fell into extacies; and Ruſtan ſaid, At laſt heaven favours me, Topaze did not know what he was ſaying, oracles were favourable to me, Ebene was in *the right*, but *why* is he not here?

Scarce

Scarce had the company got beyond the torrent, when the bridge ſunk into the water with a prodigious noiſe. So much the better, ſo much the better, cried Ruſtan, praiſed be God, bleſſed be heaven; it would not have me return to my country, where I ſhould be nothing more than a gentleman; the intention of heaven is that I ſhould wed her I love; I ſhall become prince of Cachemire; thus in "poſſeſſing" my miſtreſs I ſhall ceaſe to "poſſeſs" my little marquiſate at Candahar. "I ſhall be Ruſtan, and I ſhall "not be Ruſtan", becauſe I ſhall become a great prince: thus is a great part of the oracle clearly explained in my favour, the reſt will be explained in the ſame manner, I am too happy: but why is not Ebene with me? I regret him a thouſand times more than Topaze.

He proceeded a few paraſonges farther with the greateſt alacrity imaginable; but at the cloſe of day, a chain of mountains, more rugged than a counterſcarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been if it had been finiſhed, ſtopped the paſſage of the caravan, which was ſeized with dread.

All the company cried out, it is the will of God that we periſh here; he broke the bridge meerly to take from us all hopes of returning; he raiſed the mountain for no other reaſon but to deprive us of all means of advancing. Oh Ruſtan, oh unhappy marquis! we ſhall never ſee Cachemire, we ſhall never return to the land of Candahar.

The moſt poignant anguiſh, the moſt inſupportable dejection, ſucceeded in the ſoul of Ruſtan to the immoderate joy which he had felt, to the *hopes with* which he had intoxicated himſelf.

ſelf. He was by no means diſpoſed to interpret the prophecies in his favour. Oh heavens! oh God of my fathers! ſaid he, muſt I then loſe my friend Topaze?

As he pronounced theſe words, fetching deep ſighs and ſhedding tears in the midſt of his diſconſolate followers, the baſis of the mountain opens, a long gallery appears to the dazzled eyes in a vault lighted with a hundred thouſand torches; Ruſtan immediately begins to lament, and his people to throw themſelves upon their knees, and to fall upon their backs in aſtoniſhment, and cry out, a miracle! and ſay, Ruſtan is the favourite of Witſnow, the well-beloved of Brama; he will become the maſter of mankind. Ruſtan believed it, he was quite beſide himſelf, he was raiſed above himſelf. Alas, Ebene, ſaid he, my dear Ebene, where are you? Why are you not witneſs of all theſe wonders? How did I loſe you? Beauteous princeſs of Cachemire, when ſhall I again behold your charms?

He advances with his attendants, his elephants, and his camels, under the hollow of the mountain, at the end of which he enters into a meadow enamelled with flowers and encompaſſed with rivulets; at the extremity of the meadows are walks of trees to the end of which the eye cannot reach, and at the end of theſe alleys is a river, on the ſides of which are a thouſand pleaſure houſes with delicious gardens. He every where hears concerts of vocal and inſtrumental muſic, he ſees dances; he makes haſte to go upon one of the bridges of the river; he aſks the firſt man he meets, what fine country *that is.*

He

He whom he addreſſed himſelf to anſwered, You are in the province of Cachemire; you ſee the inhabitants immerſed in joy and pleaſures; we celebrate the marriage of our beauteous princeſs, who is going to be married to the lord Barbabou, to whom his father promiſed her; may God perpetuate their felicity! At theſe words Ruſtan fainted away, and the Cachemirian lord thought he was troubled with the falling ſickneſs; he cauſed him to be carried to his houſe, where he remained a long time inſenſible. He ſent in ſearch of the two moſt able phyſicians in that part of the country: they felt the patient's pulſe, who having ſomewhat recovered his ſpirits, ſobbed, rolled his eyes, and cried from time to time, Topaze, Topaze, you were entirely in the right!

One of the two phyſicians ſaid to the Cachemirian lord, I perceive by this young man's accent, that he is from Candahar, and that the air of this country is hurtful to him; he muſt be ſent home: I perceive by his eyes that he has loſt his ſenſes; entruſt me with him, I will carry him back to his own country, and cure him. The other phyſician maintained, that grief was his only diſorder; and that it was proper to carry him to the wedding of the princeſs, and make him dance. Whilſt they were in conſultation, the patient recovered his health; the two phyſicians were diſmiſſed, and Ruſtan remained alone with his hoſt.

My lord, ſaid he, I aſk your pardon for having been ſo free as to faint in your preſence; I know it to be a breach of politeneſs; I intreat you to accept of my elephant, as an acknowledgment of the kindneſs you have ſhewed me.

He

He then related to him all his adventure, taking particular care to conceal from him the occaſion of his journey. But, in the name of Witſnow and Bramia, ſaid he to him, tell me who is this happy Barbabou, who is to marry the princeſs of Cachemire; why has her father choſen him for his ſon-in-law, and why has the princeſs accepted of him for an huſband?

Sir, anſwered the Cachemirian, the princeſs has by no means accepted of Barbabou; ſhe is, on the contrary, in tears, whilſt the whole province joyfully celebrates her marriage: ſhe has ſhut herſelf up in a tower of her palace; ſhe does not chuſe to ſee any of the rejoicings made upon the occaſion. Ruſtan, at hearing this, perceived himſelf revive; the bloom of his complexion, which grief had cauſed to fade, appeared again upon his countenance. Tell me, I intreat you, continued he, why the prince of Cachemire is obſtinately bent upon giving his daughter to a Barbabou whom ſhe does not like?

This is the fact, anſwered the Cachemirian: Do you know that our auguſt prince loſt a large diamond and a javelin which he had a great value for? Ah! I very well know that, ſaid Ruſtan. Know then, ſaid his hoſt, that our prince being in deſpair at not having heard of his two precious curioſities, after having cauſed them to be ſought for all over the world, promiſed his daughter to whoever ſhould bring him either the one or the other: a lord Barbabou came, who had got the diamond, and he is to marry the princeſs to-morrow.

Ruſtan turned pale, ſtammered out a compliment, took his leave of his hoſt, and galloped upon

upon his dromedary to the capital city, where the ceremony was performed. He arrives at the palace of the prince, he tells him he has ſomething of importance to communicate to him, he demands an audience; he is told that the prince is taken up with the preparations for the wedding. It is for that very reaſon, ſaid he, that I am deſirous of ſpeaking to him: ſuch is his importunity, that he is at laſt admitted. Prince, ſaid he, may God crown all your days with glory and magnificence! your ſon-in-law is a knave.

What, a knave! how dare you ſpeak in ſuch terms? Is that a proper way of ſpeaking to a duke of Cachemire of a ſon-in-law whom he has made choice of? Yes, he is a knave, continued Ruſtan; and to prove it to your highneſs, I have brought you back your diamond.

The duke, ſurprized at what he heard, compared the two diamonds; and as he was no judge of precious ſtones, he could not determine which was the true one. Here are two diamonds, ſaid he, and I have but one daughter; I am in a ſtrange perplexity.

He ſent for Barbabou, and aſked him if he had not impoſed upon him. Barbabou ſwore he had bought his diamond from an Armenian; the other did not tell him who he had his from; but he propoſed an expedient, which was, that his highneſs would pleaſe to permit him to engage his rival in ſingle combat. It is not enough for your ſon-in-law to give a diamond, ſaid he, he ſhould alſo give proofs of valour. Do not you think it juſt that he who kills his rival ſhould marry the princeſs. Undoubtedly, anſwered the prince, it will be a fine ſight for the

court; fight directly: the conqueror ſhall take the arms of the conquered, according to the cuſtoms of Cachemire, and he ſhall marry my daughter.

The two pretenders to the princeſs immediately go down into the court. Upon the ſtairs there was a pie and a raven; the raven cried, fight, fight; the pie cried, don't fight. This made the prince laugh; the two rivals ſcarce took any notice of it; they begin the combat; all the courtiers made a circle round them. The princeſs, who kept herſelf conſtantly ſhut up in her tower, did not chuſe to behold this fight; ſhe never dreamt of her lover's being at Cachemire, and ſhe hated Barbabou to ſuch a degree, that ſhe could not bear the ſight of him. The combat had the happieſt event imaginable; Barbabou was killed outright; and this greatly rejoiced the people, becauſe he was ugly, and Ruſtan was very handſome; the favour of the public is almoſt always determined by this circumſtance.

The conqueror put on the coat of mail, the ſcarf, and the caſque of the conquered, and came, followed by the whole court, to preſent himſelf under the windows of his miſtreſs. The multitude cried aloud, Beautiful princeſs, come and ſee your handſome lover, who has killed his ugly rival. Theſe words were re-echoed by her women. The princeſs unluckily looked out of the window, and ſeeing the armour of a man ſhe hated, ſhe ran like one frantic to her ſtrong box, and took out the fatal javelin, which flew to pierce Ruſtan, notwithſtanding his cuiraſs; he cried out loudly, and at this cry the princeſs

thought ſhe again knew the voice of her unhappy lover.

She ran down ſtairs, with her hair diſhevelled, and death in her eyes as well as her heart. Ruſtan had already fallen, all bloody, into the arms of his father: ſhe ſees him. Oh moment! oh ſight! oh! diſcovery of inexpreſſible grief, tenderneſs, and horror. She throws herſelf upon him, and embraces him: You receive, ſaid ſhe, the firſt and laſt kiſſes of your miſtreſs and your murderer. She pulls the dart from the wound, plunges it in her heart, and dies upon the body of the lover whom ſhe adores. The father, terrified, in deſpair, and ready to die like his his daughter, tries in vain to bring her to life; ſhe was no more: he curſes the fatal dart, breaks it to pieces, throws away the two fatal diamonds; and whilſt he prepared the funeral of his daughter, inſtead of her marriage, he cauſed Ruſtan, who weltered in his blood, and had ſtill ſome remains of life, to be carried to his palace.

He was put into bed: the firſt objects he ſaw on each ſide of his death-bed were Topaze and Ebene. This ſurprize made him in ſome degree recover his ſtrength. Cruel men, ſaid he, why did you abandon me? Perhaps the princeſs would ſtill be alive if you had been with the unhappy Ruſtan. I have not forſaken you a moment, ſaid Topaze: I have been always with you, ſaid Ebene. Ah, what do you ſay? why do you inſult me in my laſt moments, anſwered Ruſtan with a languiſhing voice? You may believe me, ſaid Topaze; you know I never approved of this fatal journey, the dreadful conſequences of which I foreſaw: I was the eagle that fought with the vulture and ſtript it

of its feathers; I was the elephant that carried away the baggage, in order to force you to return to your own country; I was the ſtreaked aſs that carried you, whether you would or no, to your father; it was I that made your horſes go aſtray; it was I that caused the torrent that prevented your paſſage; it was I that raiſed the mountain which ſtopped up a road ſo fatal to you: I was the phyſician that adviſed you to return to your own country; I was the ape that cried out to you not to fight.

And I, ſaid Ebene, was the vulture that he ſtript of his feathers, the rhinoceros who gave him a hundred ſtrokes with my horn, the clown that beat the ſtreaked aſs, the merchant who made you a preſent of camels to haſten to your deſtruction; I dug the cavern that you croſſed, I am the phyſician that encouraged you to walk, the raven that cried out to you to combat.

Alas! ſaid Topaze, "Remember the oracles, "If you go to the eaſt you will be at the weſt." Yes, ſaid Ebene, here the dead are buried with their faces turned to the weſt: the oracle was plain enough, though you did not underſtand it. "You poſſeſſed and you did not poſſeſs;" for you had the diamond, but it was a falſe one, though you did not know it. "You are con-"queror and you die, you are Ruſtan and you "ceaſe to be ſo;" all has been accompliſhed. Whilſt he ſpoke thus, four white wings covered the body of Topaze, and four black wings that of Ebene. What do I ſee! cried Ruſtan. Topaze and Ebene anſwered together, You ſee your two geniuſes. Good gentlemen, cried the unhappy Ruſtan, how came you to meddle? and what occaſion had a poor man for two geniuſes?

niuſes? It is a law, anſwered Topaze; every man has two geniuſes: Plato was the firſt man that ſaid ſo, and others have repeated it after him; you ſee that nothing can be more true: I, who now ſpeak to you, am your good genius; I was charged to watch over you to the laſt moment of your life; of this taſk I have faithfully acquitted myſelf.

But, ſaid the dying man, if your buſineſs was to ſerve me, I am of a nature much ſuperior to yours; and then how can you have the aſſurance to ſay you are my good genius, ſince you have ſuffered me to be deceived in every thing I have undertaken, and ſince you ſuffer both my miſtreſs and I to die miſerably? Alas! ſaid Topaze, it was your deſtiny. If deſtiny does all, anſwered the dying man, what is a genius good for? And you, Ebene, with your four black wings, you are doubtleſs my evil genius. You have hit it, anſwered Ebene. Then I ſuppoſe you were the evil genius of my princeſs likewiſe, ſaid Ruſtan. No, replied Ebene, ſhe had an evil genius of her own, and I ſeconded him perfectly. Ah, curſt Ebene, ſaid Ruſtan, if you are ſo malicious, you don't belong to the ſame maſter with Topaze: you have been formed by two different principles, one of which is by nature good, the other evil. That does not follow, ſaid Ebene, this is a very knotty point. It is not poſſible, anſwered the dying man, that a benevolent being could create ſo deſtructive a genius. Poſſible or not poſſible, replied the genius, the thing is juſt as I ſay. Alas, ſaid Topaze, my poor unfortunate friend, don't you ſee that that rogue is ſo malicious as to encourage you to diſpute, in order to inflame

your blood and haſten your death? Get you gone, ſaid the melancholy Ruſtan, I am not much better ſatisfied with you than with him: he at leaſt acknowledges that it was his intention to hurt me; and you, who pretended to defend me, have done me no ſervice at all. I am very ſorry for it, ſaid the good genius. And I too, ſaid the dying man, there is ſomething at the bottom of this which I cannot comprehend. Nor I neither, ſaid the poor genius. I ſhall know the truth of the matter in a moment, ſaid Ruſtan. We ſhall ſee that, ſaid Topaze. The whole ſcene then vaniſhed. Ruſtan again found himſelf in the houſe of his father, which he had not quitted, and in his bed, where he had ſlept an hour.

He awakes in aſtoniſhment, ſweating all over, and quite wild; he rubs himſelf, he calls, he rings the bell. His valet-de-chambre, Topaze, runs in, in his night-cap, and yawning. Am I dead or alive, cried out Ruſtan? Shall the beauteous princeſs of Cachemire eſcape? Does your lordſhip rave, anſwered Topaze coldly.

Ah, cried Ruſtan, what then is become of this barbarous Ebene, with his four black wings? It is he that makes me die by ſo cruel a death. My lord, anſwered Topaze, I left him ſnoaring above ſtairs, would you have me bid him come down? The villain, ſaid Ruſtan, has perſecuted me for ſix months together; it was he carried me to the fatal fair of Kaboul; it is he that robbed me of the diamond with which the princeſs preſented me; he is the ſole cauſe of my loſing her, of the death of my princeſs, and I ſhall be killed with a javelin of which I die in the flower of my age.

Take

Take heart, ſaid Topaze, you were never at Kaboul; there is no princeſs of Cachemire; her father never had any children but two boys, who are now at college: you never had a diamond: the princeſs cannot be dead, becauſe ſhe is not born; and you are perfectly well in health.

What, is it not then true that you attended me whilſt dying, and in the bed of the prince of Cachemire? Did you not acknowledge to me, that, in order to preſerve me from ſo many dangers, you were an eagle, an elephant, a ſtreaked aſs, a phyſician, and a pie? My lord, you have dreamt all this, anſwered Topaze; our ideas are no more of our own creating whilſt we are aſleep than whilſt we are awake: God has thought proper that this train of ideas ſhould paſs in your head, moſt probably to convey ſome inſtruction to you, of which you may make a good uſe.

You make a jeſt of me, replied Ruſtan, how long have I ſlept? My lord, ſaid Topaze, you have not yet ſlept an hour. Curſt reaſoner, returned Ruſtan, how is it poſſible that I could be, in the ſpace of an hour, at the fair of Kaboul ſix months ago, that I could have returned from thence, have travelled to Cachemire, and that Barbabou, the princeſs and I, ſhould have died? My lord, ſaid Topaze, nothing can be more eaſy and more common, and you might have travelled round the world, and have met with a great many more adventures in much leſs time.

Is it not true that you can, in an hour's time, read the abridgment of the Perſian hiſtory, written by Zoroaſter? yet this abridgment con-

tains eight hundred thouſand years. All theſe events paſs before your eyes one after another, in an hour's time. Now you muſt acknowledge, that it is as eaſy to Brama to confine them to the ſpace of an hour, as to extend them to the ſpace of eight hundred thouſand years; it is exactly the ſame thing. Imagine to yourſelf that time turns upon a wheel whoſe diameter is infinite. Under this vaſt wheel is a numerous multitude of wheels one within another; that in the center is imperceptible, and goes round an infinite number of times, whilſt the great wheel performs but one revolution. It is evident, that all the events which have happened from the beginning of the world, to its end, might have happened in much leſs time than the hundred thouſandth part of a ſecond; and one may even go ſo far as to aſſert that the thing is ſo.

I cannot comprehend all this, ſaid Ruſtan. If you want information, ſaid Topaze, I have a parrot that will eaſily explain it to you. He was born ſome time before the deluge; he has been in the ark; he has ſeen a great deal; yet he is but a year and a half old: he will relate to you his hiſtory, which is extremely intereſting.

Go fetch your parrot, ſaid Ruſtan, it will amuſe me till I again find myſelf diſpoſed to ſleep. It is with my ſiſter, the nun, ſaid Topaze, I will go and fetch it; it will pleaſe you; its memory is faithful, it relates in a ſimple manner, without endeavouring to ſhew wit at every turn. So much the better, ſaid Ruſtan, I like that manner of telling ſtories. The parrot being brought to him, ſpoke in this manner: —

N. B. Mademoiſelle Catherine Vadé could never find the hiſtory of the parrot in the common-

mon-place book of her late couſin Anthony Vadé, author of that tale: this is a great miſfortune, conſidering what age that parrot lived in.

JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY perſons worthy of credit have ſeen Jeannot and Colin at ſchool, in the town of Iſſoire, in Auvergne, a town famous all over the world for its college and its caldrons. Jeannot was the ſon of a dealer in mules of great reputation; and Colin owed his birth to a good ſubſtantial farmer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the land with four mules; and who, after he had paid all taxes and duties at the rate of a ſol per pound, was not very rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very handſome, conſidering they were natives of Auvergne: they highly loved each other; and they had little ſecret connexions, certain little familiarities, of ſuch a nature as men always recollect with pleaſure, when they afterwards meet in the world.

Their ſtudies were very nigh finiſhed, when a taylor brought Jeannot a velvet ſuit of three colours, with a waiſtcoat of Lyons, which was extremely well fancied: with theſe came a letter addreſſed to Monſ. de la Jeannotiere. Colin admired the coat, and was not at all jealous; but Jeannot aſſumed an air of ſuperiority, which gave Colin ſome uneaſineſs. From that moment

Jeannot abandoned his ſtudies; he contemplated himſelf in a glaſs, and deſpiſed all mankind. Soon after, a valet-de-chambre arrives poſt-haſte, and brings a ſecond letter to the marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from his father, by which he was deſired to repair directly to him at Paris. Jeannot got into his chaiſe, giving his hand to Colin with a ſmile, which denoted the ſuperiority of a patron. Colin felt his littleneſs, and wept. Jeannot departed in all the pomp of his glory.

Such readers as take a pleaſure in being inſtructed ſhould be informed, that Monſ. Jeannot the father, had, with great rapidity, acquired an immenſe fortune by buſineſs. You will aſk how ſuch great fortunes are made? My anſwer is, by luck. Monſ. Jeannot had a good perſon, ſo had his wife; and ſhe had ſtill ſome freſhneſs remaining. They went to Paris on account of a law-ſuit, which ruined them; when fortune, which raiſes and depreſſes men at her pleaſure, preſented them to the wife of an undertaker belonging to one of the hoſpitals for the army, a man of great talents, who might make it his boaſt, that he had killed more ſoldiers in a year than cannons deſtroy in ten. Jeannot pleaſed the wife; the wife of Jeannot pleaſed the undertaker. Jeannot was ſoon employed in the undertaker's buſineſs; this introduced him to other buſineſs. When our boat runs with wind and ſtream, we have nothing to do but let it ſail on; we then make an immenſe fortune with eaſe: the poor creatures who from the ſhore ſee you purſue your voyage with full ſail, ſtare with aſtoniſhment; they cannot conceive to what you owe your ſucceſs; they envy you at

random,

random, and write pamphlets againſt you which you never read. This is juſt what happened to Jeannot the father, who ſoon became Monſ. de la Jeannotiere; and who having purchaſed a marquiſate in ſix months time, took the young marquis his ſon from ſchool, in order to introduce him to the polite world at Paris.

Colin, whoſe heart was replete with tenderneſs, wrote a letter of compliments to his old companion, and congratulated him on his good fortune. The little marquis wrote him no anſwer. Colin was ſo much afflicted at this, that he was taken ill.

The father and mother immediately conſigned the young marquis to the care of a governor: this governor, who was a man of faſhion, and who knew nothing, was not able to teach his pupil any thing. The marquis would have had his ſon learn Latin; this his lady was againſt. They hereupon referred the matter to the judgment of an author, who had at that time acquired great reputation by his entertaining performances. He was invited to dinner. The maſter of the houſe immediately addreſſed him thus: "Sir, as you underſtand Latin, and are a man acquainted with the court."—"I underſtand Latin! I don't know one word of it, anſwered the wit; and I think myſelf the better for being unacquainted with it: it is very evident that a man ſpeaks his own language in greater perfection when he does not divide his application between it and foreign languages. Only conſider our ladies; they have a much more agreeable turn of wit than the men; their letters are written with a hundred times the

grace of ours: this ſuperiority they owe to nothing elſe but their not underſtanding Latin."

"Well, was I not in the right? ſaid the lady: I would have my ſon prove a notable man, I would have him ſucceed in the world; and you ſee that if he was to underſtand Latin he would be ruined. Pray, are plays and operas performed in Latin? do lawyers plead in Latin? do men court a miſtreſs in Latin?" The marquis, dazzled by theſe reaſons, gave up the point; and it was reſolved, that the young marquis ſhould not miſpend his time in endeavouring to become acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil. "Then what ſhall he learn? for he muſt know ſomething; might not one teach him a little geography?" ſaid the father. "Of what uſe will that be? anſwered the governor: when the marquis goes to his eſtate, won't the poſtillion know the roads? they certainly will not carry him out of his way: there is no occaſion for a quadrant to travel thither; and one can go very commodiouſly from Paris to Auvergne without knowing what latitude one is in."

"You are in the right, replied the father: but I have heard of a fine ſcience called aſtronomy, if I am not miſtaken." "Bleſs me! ſaid the governor, do people regulate their conduct by the influence of the ſtars in this world? and muſt the young gentleman perplex himſelf with the calculation of an eclipſe, when he finds it ready calculated to his hand in an almanac, which, at the ſame time, teaches him the moveable feaſts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princeſſes in Europe?"

The lady agreed perfectly with the governor; the little marquis was tranſported with joy; the father

father remained undetermined. "What then is my ſon to learn?" ſaid he. "To become amiable, anſwered the friend who was conſulted; and if he knows how to pleaſe, he will know all that need be known; this art he will learn in the company of his mother, without either he or ſhe being at any trouble.

The lady, upon hearing this, embraced the ignorant flatterer, and ſaid, "It is eaſy to ſee, Sir, that you are the moſt knowing man in the world; my ſon will be entirely indebted to you for his education: I think, however, it would not be amiſs if he was to know ſomething of hiſtory." "Alas, madam, what is that good for, anſwered he; there certainly is no uſeful or entertaining hiſtory but the hiſtory of the day: all antient hiſtories, as one of our wits has obſerved, are only fables that men have agreed to admit as true: with regard to modern hiſtory, it is a meer chaos, a confuſion which it is impoſſible to make any thing of. Of what conſequence is it to the young marquis your ſon, to know that Charlemagne inſtituted the twelve peers of France, and that his ſucceſſor ſtammered?"

"Admirably ſaid, cried the governor; the genius of young perſons is ſmothered under a heap of uſeleſs knowledge: but of all ſciences, the moſt abſurd, and that which, in my opinion, is moſt calculated to ſtifle genius of every kind, is geometry. The objects about which this ridiculous ſcience is converſant, are ſurfaces, lines, and points, that have no exiſtence in nature: by the force of imagination, the geometrician makes a hundred thouſand curve lines paſs between a circle and a right line that touches it,

when, in reality, there is not room for a ſtraw to paſs there. Geometry, if we conſider it in its true light, is a meer jeſt, and nothing more."

The marquis and his lady did not well underſtand the governor's meaning, yet they were entirely of his opinion.

"A man of quality, like the young marquis, continued he, ſhould not rack his brains with uſeleſs ſciences. If he one day ſhould have occaſion for a ſublime geometry, to take a plan of the lands of his eſtate, he may get them ſurveyed for money: if he has a mind to trace the antiquity of his noble family, which leads the inquirer back to the moſt remote ages, he will ſend for a Benedictine: it will be the ſame thing with regard to all other arts. A young man of quality, endowed with a happy genius, is neither a painter, a muſician, an architect, nor a graver; but he makes all theſe arts flouriſh, by generouſly encouraging them: it is, doubtleſs, better to patronize than to practiſe them: it is enough for the young marquis to have a taſte; it is the buſineſs of artiſts to exert themſelves for him; and it is in this ſenſe that it is ſaid, very juſtly, of people of quality (I mean thoſe that are very rich) that they know all things, without having learnt any thing; for they, in fact, come at laſt to know how to form a judgment concerning whatever they order or pay for."

The ignorant man of faſhion then ſpoke to this purpoſe: "You have very juſtly obſerved, madam, that the grand end which a man ſhould have in view is to ſucceed in the world: can it poſſibly be ſaid that this ſucceſs is to be obtained by cultivating the ſciences? did any body ever ſo much

much as think of talking of geometry in good company? does any one ever inquire of a man of the world, what ſtar riſes with the ſun? who enquires at ſupper, whether the long-haired Clodio paſſed the Rhine? No, doubtleſs, cried the marchioneſs, whom her charms had, in ſome meaſure, initiated in the polite world; and my ſon ſhould not extinguiſh his genius by the ſtudy of all this ſtuff. But what is he, after all, to learn? for it is proper that a young perſon of quality ſhould know how to ſhine upon an occaſion, as my huſband obſerves.——I remember to have heard an abbé ſay, that the moſt delightful of all the ſciences, is ſomething that begins with a *B*". "With a B, madam? is it not botany you mean?" "No, it was not botany he ſpoke of; the name of the ſcience he mentioned began with *B*, and ended with *on*". "Oh, I take you, madam, ſaid the man of faſhion; it is *Blaſon* you mean; it is indeed a profound ſcience; but it is no longer in faſhion, ſince the people of quality have ceaſed to cauſe their arms to be painted upon the doors of their coaches; it was once the moſt uſeful thing in the world, in a well regulated ſtate. Beſides, this ſtudy would be endleſs; now a-days there's hardly a barber that has not his coat of arms; and you know that whatever becomes common is but little eſteemed." In fine, after they had examined the excellencies and defects of all the ſciences, it was determined that the young marquis ſhould learn to dance.

Nature, which does all, had given him a talent that quickly diſplayed itſelf ſurpriſingly; it was that of ſinging ballads agreeably. The graces of youth, joined to this ſuperior gift,

cauſed him to be looked upon as a young man of the brighteſt hopes. He was beloved by the women; and having his head full of ſongs, he compoſed ſome for his miſtreſs. He ſtole from the ſong "Bacchus and Love" in one ballad; from that of "Night and day" in another; from that of "Charms and alarms" in a third. But as there were always in his verſes ſome ſuperfluous feet, or not enough, he had them corrected for twenty Lewis-d'ors a ſong; and in the annals of literature he was put upon a level with the La Fares, Chaulieus, Hamiltons, Sarrazins, and Voitures.

The marchioneſs then looked upon herſelf as the mother of a wit, and gave a ſupper to the wits of Paris. The young man's brain was ſoon turned; he acquired the art of ſpeaking without knowing his own meaning, and he became perfect in the habit of being good for nothing. When his father found he was ſo eloquent, he very much regretted that his ſon had not learned Latin; for he would have bought him a lucrative place among the gentry of the long robe. The mother, who had more elevated ſentiments, undertook to procure a regiment for her ſon; and in the mean time, courtſhip was his occupation. Love is ſometimes more expenſive than a regiment. He was extremely profuſe, whilſt his parents exhauſted their finances ſtill more, by living like people of the firſt quality.

A young widow of quality, their neighbour, who had but a moderate fortune, had an inclination to ſecure the great wealth of monſ. and madame de la Jeannotiere, by appropriating it to herſelf, by the means of a marriage with the young marquis. She allured him to viſit her;

ſhe

ſhe admitted his addreſſes; ſhe ſhewed that ſhe was not indifferent to him; ſhe led him on by degrees; ſhe inchanted and captivated him without much difficulty: ſometimes ſhe laviſhed praiſes upon him, ſometimes ſhe gave him advice; ſhe became the moſt intimate friend both of the father and mother. An elderly lady, who was their neighbour, propoſed the match. The parents, dazzled by the glory of ſuch an alliance, accepted the propoſal with joy. They gave their only ſon to their intimate friend. The young marquis was upon the point of marrying a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was beloved; the friends of the family congratulated them, the marriage articles were juſt going to be drawn up, whilſt wedding clothes were making for the young couple, and their epithalamium compoſing.

The young marquis was one day upon his knees before his charming miſtreſs, whom love, eſteem, and friendſhip were going to make his own; in a tender and ſpirited converſation, they enjoyed a foretaſte of their happineſs; they concerted meaſures to lead a happy life: when all on a ſudden a valet-de-chambre belonging to the old marchioneſs, arrives in a great fright. "Here's ſad news, ſaid he; officers remove the effects of my maſter and miſtreſs; the creditors have ſeized upon all, by virtue of an execution; and I am obliged to make the beſt ſhift I can to have my wages paid." "Let's ſee, ſaid the marquis, what's this? what can this adventure mean?" "Go, ſaid the widow, go quickly, and puniſh thoſe villains." He runs, he arrives at the houſe; his father was already in priſon: all the ſervants had fled different ways, each

CAR-

carrying off whatever he could lay his hands upon. His mother was alone, without aſſiſtance, without comfort, drowned in tears; ſhe had nothing left but the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, her faults, and her extravagant expences.

After the ſon had wept a long time with his mother, he at length ſaid to her: "Let us not give ourſelves up to deſpair; this young widow loves me to exceſs; ſhe is more generous than rich, I can anſwer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He returns to his miſtreſs, and finds her in company with a very amiable young officer. "What is it you, Mr. de la Jeannotiere, ſaid ſhe; what buſineſs have you here?" "Is it proper to forſake one's mother in ſuch a manner?" "Go to that poor, unfortunate woman, and tell her that I ſtill wiſh her well: I have occaſion for a chamber-maid, and will give her the preference." "My lad, ſaid the officer, you are well ſhaped; if you are willing to liſt in my company, you may depend upon good uſage."

The marquis, thunderſtruck, and with a heart enraged, went in queſt of his old governor, made him acquainted with his misfortune, and aſked his advice. The governor propoſed to him to become a tutor, like himſelf. "Alas! ſaid the marquis, I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and you are the firſt cauſe of my misfortunes;" he ſobb'd when he ſpoke thus. "Write romances, ſaid a wit who was preſent; it is an admirable reſource at Paris."

The young man, in greater deſpair than ever, ran to his mother's confeſſor; he was a Theatin of great reputation, who directed the conſciences

only of women of the firſt rank. As ſoon as he ſaw him, he ran up to him, "My God, Mr. marquis, where is your coach? ſaid he: how is the good lady your mother." The poor unfortunate young man gave him an account of what had befallen his family. In proportion as he explained himſelf, the Theatin aſſumed an air more grave, more indifferent, and more diſtant. "My ſon, ſaid he, it is the will of God that you ſhould be reduced to this condition; riches ſerve only to corrupt the heart; God, in his great mercy, has then reduced your mother to beggary." "Yes, Sir," anſwered the marquis. "So much the better, ſaid the confeſſor; her election is the more ſure." "But father, ſaid the marquis, is there in the mean time no hopes of ſome aſſiſtance in this world?" "Farewel, my ſon, ſaid the confeſſor; a court lady is waiting for me."

The marquis was almoſt ready to faint; he met with much the ſame treatment from all; and acquired more knowledge of the world in half a day than he had done in all the reſt of his life.

Being quite overwhelmed with deſpair, he ſaw an old-faſhioned chaiſe advance, which reſembled an open waggon with leather curtains; it was followed by four enormous carts which were loaded. In the chaiſe there was a young man, dreſſed in the ruſtic manner; he had a round, freſh countenance, replete with ſweetneſs and gaiety. His wife, a little woman of a brown complexion, and an agreeable figure, though ſomewhat fat, ſat cloſe by him: the carriage did not move on like the chaiſe of a petit-maitre; the traveller had time ſufficient to con-

contemplate the marquis, who was motionleſs, and immerſed in ſorrow. "Good God, cried he, I think that is Jeannot." Upon hearing this name, the marquis lifts up his eyes, the carriage ſtops, and the marquis cries out, "'Tis Jeannot, 'tis Jeannot himſelf." The little fat bumpkin gives but one ſpring from his carriage, and runs to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recollected his friend Colin; ſhame and tears overſpread his countenance. "You have abandoned me, ſaid Colin; but, though you are a great man, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confuſed and affected, with ſobs related to him a great part of his hiſtory. "Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the reſt of it, ſaid Colin; embrace my wife here, and let us go and dine together."

They walk all three on foot, followed by their baggage. "What's all this train, ſaid Jeannot; does it belong to you?" "Yes, anſwered Colin, it all belongs to me and to my wife: we are juſt come from the country; I am at the head of a good manufacture of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a merchant well provided with all utenſils neceſſary to the great as well as the little: we work a great deal; God bleſſes us; we have not changed our condition; we are happy; we will aſſiſt our friend Jeannot. Be no longer a marquis; all the grandeur in the world is not to be compared to a good friend. You ſhall return with me to the country; I will teach you the trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the remote corner where we were born."

Jeannot,

Jeannot, quite tranſported, felt emotions of grief and joy, tenderneſs and ſhame; and he ſaid within himſelf, "My faſhionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I deſpiſed, is the only one who comes to relieve me." What inſtruction is this! Colin's goodneſs of heart cauſes the ſeeds of a virtuous diſpoſition, which the world had not quite ſtifled in Jeannot, to ſprout up: he was ſenſible that he could not forſake his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother, ſaid Colin; and as to the good man your father, who is in jail, I know ſomething of buſineſs; his creditors, ſeeing he has nothing, will compromiſe matters for a trifle; I take the whole affair upon myſelf." Colin found means to procure the father's enlargement: Jeannot returned to the country with his relations, who reſumed their former way of life: he married a ſiſter of Colin, who, being of the ſame temper with her brother, made him compleatly happy. Jeannot the father, Jeannote the mother, and Jeannot the ſon, were thus convinced that happineſs is not the reſult of vanity.

CANTO of an EPIC POEM,

Compoſed by JEROME CARRE.

Found amongſt his Papers after his Deceaſe.

KING Charles was born to undergo,
Thro' ev'ry ſtage of life, much woe;
To education nought he ow'd;
Small care was on his youth beſtow'd;

But

* Burgundy's duke, in broils and ſtrife
Involv'd him in the prime of life;
A lawyer at † Goneſs would fain
Have wrought his ruin by chicane:
Before a court a crier call'd him ‡;
An Engliſh chief in battle maul'd him:
He wander'd much, and, like poor ſinner,
Oft miſs'd a maſs, and oft a dinner;
Not long in the ſame place he ſtay'd;
By ‖ mother, uncle, friends betray'd,
And by his miſtreſs: thus unfriended
Was the poor king, and unattended.
His Agnes' heart an Engliſh page
Found means to ſhare as to engage:
A ſorcerer dire, nam'd Conculix,
By hell inſpir'd, with magic tricks
His head quite topſy-turvy turn'd;
By deſtiny he long was ſpurn'd;
Hardſhips to bear was his ſad caſe;
To bear them well God gave him grace.
The troop of lovers, proud and gay,
Took diſtant from that tower its way,
Where Conculix diſturb'd the brain
Of Agnes, Bonneau, and their train.

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* The Duke of Burgundy, who aſſaſſinated the Duke of Orleans; but the good king Charles paid him well for it at the bridge of Montereau.

† Goneſs, a village near Paris, famous all over the world for its bakers, and for many battles; but, above all, for the beſt cloth manufactured then in France.

‡ Charles VII. was cited before the marble table.

‖ His own mother, Iſabella of Bavaria, was his greateſt perſecutor. She promoted the treaty of Troyes, by which her ſon-in-law, Henry V. king of England, obtained the crown of France.

They

They march'd along that foreſt wild,
Which now of Orleans is ſtil'd.
The ſpouſe of Titan, queen of night,
Riſing ſcarce ſtreak'd the ſhades with light;
Soldiers they ſaw on diſtant ground,
With doublets ſhort and bonnets round;
Upon their corſlets bright combin'd
Leopards and flower-de-luces * ſhin'd.
The monarch halted when he ſpy'd
The cohort thro' the foreſt ride;
Dunois and Joan ſome ſpace before
Advance, the matter to explore.
Agnes her arms, as lilies white,
Extending, urg'd the king to flight;
But virtuous Joan, who ſtraight drew nigh,
On captives chain'd ſoon caſt her eye;
With downcaſt eyes the earth they view'd,
Each face ſad conſternation ſhew'd:
Alas, ſaid ſhe, it plain appears,
That theſe are captive cavaliers;
The voice of duty now commands
From fetters to unlooſe their hands:
Let's fall on, Baſtard, undiſmay'd;
You're Dunois, I am Orleans' maid.
This ſaid, they fell with reſted lance
On thoſe who with the chiefs advance;
So fierce were Dunois and the maid,
Such fury too the as diſplay'd,
That all thoſe warriors, fill'd with fright,
Nimbly betook themſelves to flight.
Joan then, tranſported with delight,
Accoſted thus each fetter'd knight:
Knights, who the chains of England wore,
Thanks to the king, you're ſlaves no more;

* The arms of England.

Now

Now follow him where'er he goes,
And wreak juſt vengeance on his foes.
Altho' this was propos'd with grace,
Diſtruſt ſtill ſat on each knight's face;
My readers with impatience glow
Who were theſe doughty knights to know.
Theſe knights were blades in Paris known
For deeds they would not chuſe to own,
Who were condemn'd to plow the ſeas,
Which might by all be ſeen with eaſe.
The king this ſeeing, deeply ſigh'd;
Theſe ſtab me to the heart, he cry'd.
Do here the Engliſh empire claim,
Are then decrees made in their name?
The maſs is only ſa d for them;
They can my ſubjects now condemn.
The king came, by compaſſion led,
To him who ſeem'd the band to head.
No felon's air could eyes ſhock more;
His beard a pointed chin curl'd o'er,
With ſtrange diſtortion roll'd his eyes
Replete, more than his mouth with lies,
They ſquinted ever on the ground;
His eye-brows red moſt ſternly frown'd;
There ſat impoſture, leagu'd with fraud;
Boldneſs dwelt on his forehead broad,
Contempt of all remorſe and laws,
His teeth ſtill gnaſh'd, and foam'd his jaws.
Seeing his prince, the knave took care
T'aſſume an humble, contrite air,
And fram'd into ſome ſhew of grace
The features of his ſhocking face.
The maſtiff impudent and four,
Hoarſe-throated, eager to devour,
Thus fawns when he his maſter ſpies,
Licks both his hands, and crouching lies;

Grows

Grows mild, although by nature rude,
And humbly cringes for his food.
Or ſatan has been painted ſo,
When juſt 'ſcap'd from the realms below;
He paws and tail hides from the eyes,
And in an anchorite's diſguiſe,
Like leacherous monk in ſecret goes,
Siſter diſcreet to tempt, or Roſe.
The king of France, by ſuch grimace
Impos'd on, pity'd much his caſe,
And thinking him by fraud oppreſs'd,
Words of encouragement addreſs'd.
What is your trade, ſaid he, and name?
Say for what deed deſerving blame
Severe tribunals thus ordain
That you ſhou'd plough the angry main?
The man condemn'd, with mournful tone,
Reply'd, great Sir, my name's Frelon*;
Nantz is the famous city, where
Theſe lips firſt breath'd the vital air;
No mortal e'er lov'd Jeſus more,
Some time the dreſs of monks I wore;
My morals are as pure as theirs;
The pettieſt boys had all my cares;
Urg'd by the love of honeſt praiſe,
To virtue I conſign'd my days;

* According to the chronicles of that age, there was a fellow of the name of Frelon, who wrote pamphlets and lampoons. He played ſome pranks, for which he was frequently confined in the Chatelet, at Biſſetre, and at Fort l'Eveque. He had been for ſome time a monk, and had been expelled the convent. Many celebrated authors have done him juſtice. He was a native of Nantz; and at Paris carried on the trade of ſatirical gazetteer. See Froiſſart's Chronicle.

Genius

Genius at Paris I diſplay'd,
Fam'd in the author's noble trade;
Dearly L—— my writings bought,
Great k at Place-Maubert am thought;
There juſtice never was refus'd me,
Tho' authors often have abus'd me:
But impious malice oft' wou'd hit me,
And with the cloyſters vices twit me;
The world's and many cheats beſide,
But I'm by conſcience juſtify'd.
The king, when this account he hears,
Cries, Henceforth lay aſide your fears;
And ſay are all now bound like you
To Marſeilles, valiant men and true?
Oh, royal Sir, Frelon reply'd,
In all theſe men you may confide;
All were alike by nature fram'd,
This abbé next me, Guignon† nam'd,
Is, tho' he otherwiſe might ſeem
To ſome, moſt worthy of eſteem;
Nor quarrelſome nor liar he,
Nor ſland'rer, but from malice free.
An humble mien cannot conceal
In Maucheix‡ true religious zeal,
His ardour, for the truth to ſhew,
He diſcipline wou'd undergo.
When Chaugat‖ talks on gloſs and text,
Rabbins themſelves wou'd be perplex'd.

† An author who lived in the reign of Charles VI. He wrote a Roman hiſtory, which, tho' execrably bad, was tolerable for the age in which he lived; he compoſed alſo the oracle of philoſophers. It is a ridiculous heap of calumnies, which he repented having wrote at the latter part of his life, as we are told by Monſtrelet.

‡ Another calumniator of that age.

‖ Another calumniator.

That

That lawyer unemploy'd has taken
The road to heav'n, the bar forſak'n.
In Vaceras* all virtues meet,
He's honeſt, and his temper's ſweet,
He's mild, to charity inclin'd,
The love of truth inſpires his mind,
All theſe who laurels juſtly claim,
Who rival Cicero's great name,
Oh dire diſgrace and ſad to tell!
Victims like me to envy fell.
Unjuſtly to our charge 'tis laid,
That we from truth have often ſtray'd: †
From virtue perſecution ſprings,
You know this truth, oh beſt of kings.
Whilſt thus all faults he ſtrove to hide,
Two perſons grave the monarch ſpy'd,
Whilſt each to hide his viſage tries,
Who are theſe baſhful ſlaves he cries.
Said Frelon, there two worthies ſtand,
Honeſt as e'er took oar in hand.
One's Fantin‡, preacher of great name,
Whom neither rich nor poor can blame;
To ſpare the living he thought beſt,
The dying robb'd whom he confeſs'd.

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* He wrote, in conjunction with Dr. John Petit, to juſtify aſſaſſination.

† The crimes alluded to here, are the unjuſt accuſations of which theſe informers were often guilty. Perhaps likewiſe they were condemned for forgery.

‡ This canto of the abbé Triteme ſeems to be a prophecy; we have in fact ſeen one Fantin, a doctor of divinity and curate at Verſailles, who was caught ſtealing a note of 50 Louis-d'ors from a ſick perſon whom he confeſſed; he was turned off, but he was not hanged.

T'other's

T"other's Brizet †, who nuns directed,
No favours from them he expected,
But ſtill their properties wou'd take,
And only did it for God's ſake:
Tho' money he lov'd not at all,
He'd not in bad hands have it fall.
A wretch there meets your royal eye,
With a long head plac'd quite awry,
On number three it often runs,
He looks like one of Tartuff's ‡ ſons,
All his curſt tricks his village knows,
He's pointed at where'er he goes,
Such ſtories of him go about,
That ſome are true, I make no doubt.
But wretches with ſuch malice fraught,
Are quite below a monarch's thought.
This nob'e band of worthies ends
With Meaulabelle ‖ my beſt of friends;
This the moſt mean but moſt devoted
Of ſix poor dogs who for me voted;
He oft' quite rapt with thoughts high flown,
Takes others pockets for his own:

† Another prophecy. All Paris has ſeen the abbé Brizet, a famous director of women of quality, ſquander in ſecret debaucheries the money he extorted from his penitents, and which he was entruſted with for the relief of the poor. It ſeems highly probable, that ſome body, acquainted with our manners, has inſerted theſe lines in the divine poem of Jerome Carré; the ſame perſon ſhould have made mention of the abbé la Coſte, condemned to be branded and ſent to the galleys for life, in the year 1759, for various impoſitions.

‡ The author muſt here have in view ſome maſter Cognet of that age, who had been heterodox with regard to the trinity.

‖ Meaulabelle, another falſifier of manuſcripts, well known in that age.

But

But in his works he is ſo wiſe,
To hide ſtrong truths from feeble eyes;
Of truth he always had a dread,
He knows it fools has oft' miſled;
Therefore he always wou'd conceal it,
And never lik'd much to reveal it.
The truth I to my prince declare;
That's dealing openly and fair.
All as a hero you excel,
This to poſterity I'll tell.
The victims of black calumny
Protect, as you have made 'em free;
Save the good from the wicked's ſnare,
To pay us, and revenge, take care,
And here Frelon his word does plight,
We all will in your favour write.
Then at the Engliſh much he rail'd,
Who had ſo long in France prevail'd;
Spoke loudly for the Salic law,
And ſwore that he his pen wou'd draw;
Wou'd by it ſave the ſtate alone,
And prop his injur'd monarch's throne.
The king admir'd his ſkill profound,
Look'd kindly upon all around;
Telling them with moſt gracious air,
They all ſhou'd his protection ſhare.
Fair Agnes ſympathy expreſs'd,
Emotions tender fill'd her breaſt:
Her heart was good; the female mind,
By love, to mercy is inclin'd;
The heroine and the rigid prude
With virtue are not ſo endu'd.
It needs, ſaid ſhe, muſt be confeſs'd,
This day theſe wretches have been bleſs'd;
Since they behold your royal face,
Freedom ſmiles on their happy race.

Too much the judges now preſume,
Without their prince to fix men's doom;
All law my lover ſhould ordain,
Their ſentence is both void and vain.
But Joan, leſs tender, told the king,
They all deſerv'd alike to ſwing;
That all who were of Frelon's trade,
Public examples ſhould be made.
Dunois, more prudent and more wiſe,
Like warrior deeply ſkill'd, replies:
Soldiers we lack t' aſſert our right,
Limbs are moſt needful in a fight;
Limbs theſe men have, and as things ſtand,
Whilſt we by arms would win the land,
Whilſt combats are our only care,
Writing we may contrive to ſpare:
Then let us liſt the fraudful band,
And with a muſquet arm each hand;
Who us'd the pen, ſhould henceforth wield
The warrior's arms in tented field.
Dunois' advice the king lik'd well;
The band before him proſtrate fell,
They ſigh'd, a flood of tears they ſhed,
Then to a yard they all were led,
Before the banquet-houſe, where all
The courtiers, in a gorgeous hall,
Waited on Charles, and on the fair,
And drank and feaſted, void of care.
Agnes to Bonneau gave command,
With plenty to regale the band;
And not one ſoul of them complain'd,
For well they far'd with what remain'd.
The time of ſupper gayly ſpent,
To bed the king and Agnes went.
Next day with great ſurprize they roſe,
Finding they all had loſt their clothes;

Her

Her jewels Agnes ſought with care,
And pearl necklace rich and rare;
But all in vain; yet what ſhe moſt
Regretted, was Charles' picture loſt.
Bonneau, the purſer, could not find
The treaſure to his care conſign'd;
It coſt him many a heavy groan,
To ſee plate, linen, wardrobe, flown.
The ſcribbling crew, to thieving bred,
Who by the Gazetteer were led,
With eager haſte, had in the night
Plunder'd the court, and taken flight.
They all with Plato were agreed,
That ſoldiers luxury don't need;
Then thro' bye-path their way they win,
And ſhare the booty at an inn;
There they a tract compos'd profound,
For morals and for doctrine ſound;
Pleaſure and wealth it taught to ſcorn,
And ſhew'd that man for man was born;
That, born equals, they ſhould ſhare
God's gifts, and all their burdens bear;
And that, to make their lot more bleſs'd,
Goods ſhould in common be poſſeſs'd.
'Twas ſoon expos'd to publick view,
Enrich'd with notes and comments too,
Wrote with religious good intent,
With preface and advertiſement.
The royal houſhold, quite diſtreſt,
Was, the mean time, depriv'd of reſt;
Thro' ev'ry foreſt and each plain
They ran about, but all in vain.
Thus Phineus erſt whom Thrace obey'd,
And thus Æneas were afraid,

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When † Harpies, flutt'ring on the wing,
Seiz'd on the dinner of each king.
Agnes and Dorothea now,
Their charms to cover knew not how:
Poor Bonneau griev'd in ſuch a ſtrain,
From laughter they could ſcarce refrain:
Ah, cry'd he, we ſuch loſs ne'er bore
By war's ſad fortune heretofore;
The rogues took all; our monarch's mind
Too much to mercy is inclin'd;
Thus his indulgence is repaid;
We gain this by the ſcribbling trade.
Agnes, compaſſionate and mild,
Who on each turn of fortune ſmil'd,
In anſwer ſaid, My dear Bonneau,
Take not the thing in dudgeon ſo;
Do not from hence conceive a ſpight
To learning, and to thoſe that write:
For I could many authors name,
Whom Envy's ſelf could ſcarce defame;

† The Harpies, Celeno, Ocipete, and Aëllo, daughters of Neptune and the Earth, came to devour all the victuals that were ſerved up to the table of Phineus, king of Thrace, and defiled his whole houſe. Zetes and Colaes, ſons of Boreas, drove theſe Harpies to the iſland called the Strophades, near Greece. They treated Æneas as they had done Phineus. But Virgil has repreſented them as propheteſſes: Strange! that ſuch creatures ſhould be thought inſpired by the deities!

Virginei volucrum vultus, fœdiſſima ventris
Proluvies, uncæque manus & pallida ſemper
Ora fame.

They upbraid Æneas for making war upon them for a few pieces of beef, and foretel that he and his people ſhall be one day reduced to eat their diſhes in Italy. The admirers of the antients look upon this fiction as extremely beautiful.

Who

Who ſtill prove faithful to the throne,
Do good, but never make it known;
Whoſe ſong to virtue gives the prize,
Who practiſe it before our eyes;
Who, on the public good intent,
T'inſtruct as well as charm are bent;
Theſe are belov'd, tho' ſome are drones †;
Induſtrious bees our country owns.
Bonneau replies, 'Tis mighty fine;
But yet, methinks, the king ſhould dine;
And I cannot, as I'm a ſinner,
Without the ready find a dinner.
They comfort him, with courage rare
All ſtrive their ſuff'rings to repair:
Then to the town they make retreat,
And to the caſtle, noble ſeat
Of Charles, and of his valiant knights,
Whither good cheer and wine invites.
The knights were but half clad at beſt,
The ladies were but ſimply dreſt;
They enter'd harraſs'd, ſight moſt odd!
Bare one foot, t'other badly ſhod.

DISCOURSE addreſſed to the WELSH.

By ANTHONY VADE, brother of WILLIAM.

OH Welſh! my countrymen, if you ſurpaſs the antient Greeks and Romans, never bite the boſom of your nurſes, never inſult your maſters, be modeſt in your triumphs; conſider who you are, and from whom you deſcend.

† In the original there is a quibble upon the word Frelon, which ſignifies a drone.

It is true, you had the honour to be ſubdued by Julius Cæſar, who cauſed all the members of your parliament of Vannes to be hanged, ſold the remainder of the inhabitants, ordered the hands of the inhabitants of Quercy to be cut off, and then governed you with great mildneſs. You remained above five hundred years ſubject to the laws of the Roman empire: your Druids, who treated you as ſlaves and animals, who piouſly burned you in oſier baſkets, no longer retained their influence when you became a province of the Roman empire. But honeſtly confeſs, that you were always ſomewhat barbarous.

In the 5 h age of your vulgar æra, Vandales, to whom you gave the ſonorous appellation of Bourgonſions, or Bourguignons, people of great genius, and extremely cleanly, who rubbed their hair with ſtrong butter, to uſe the phraſe of Sidonius Apollinaris, *infundens acido comam butiro:* theſe people, I ſay, made you all ſlaves, from the territory of your town of Vienne to the ſource of your river Seine; and it is one of the remaining cuſtoms of that illuſtrious age, for monks and canons to have vaſſals in this country *. This fine prerogative of the human ſpecies ſubſiſts amongſt you as a teſtimony of your wiſdom.

One part of your remaining provinces, which you ſo long called the provinces of Oc, and which you ſo nobly diſtinguiſhed from the provinces of Oui, were invaded by the Viſigoths: and as to your provinces of Oui, they were

* At St. Claude, and other places belonging to the monks, the citizens are ſtill their vaſſals.

taken

taken from you by a Sicambrian named Hilclovie †, whoſe anceſtors had been condemned to be devoured by wild beaſts at Triers, by the emperor Conſtantine. This Sicambrian, dignified with the title of the Roman Patrician, reduced you to ſlavery with a handful of Franks, which came out of the marſhes of the Rhine, the Mayne, and the Meuſe. The noble exploits of this great man were the aſſaſſinations of three petit kings his friends and relations, one near the town of Boulogne upon the ſea, the other near the village of Cambrai, and the third near the village of Mans, which your chronicles call cities: it was at that time that the Welſh country had the melodious name of Frankreick, the antient name of France, in commemoration of its conquerors; and you were the firſt nation of the world, for you had the ſtandard of St. Denis.

Northern pirates came ſome time after to pillage you, and took from you the province which has been ſince called Normandy. You were afterwards divided into many different nations under different maſters, and each nation had its peculiar laws, as well as its peculiar jargon.

One half of your country ſoon belonged to the inhabitants of the iſland called Britain, or England, in their idiom, which was then as harmonious as yours. Normandy, Bretagne, Anjou, Mayne, Xaintonge, Guienne, Gaſcony, Angoumois, Perigueux, Rouergue, and Auvergne, were a long time in the hands of this people, the Angles; whilſt you had neither

† Clovis.

Lyons, nor Marſeilles, nor Dauphine, nor Provence, nor Languedoc.

Notwithſtanding this your miſerable ſituation, your compilers, whom you take for hiſtorians, often call you The firſt people of the earth, and your kingdom, The firſt kingdom. This is treating other nations ſomewhat unpolitely. You are a modeſt and amiable people; and if you add modeſty to your graces, the reſt of Europe will be highly pleaſed with you.

Return your hearty thanks to God for delivering you from the Angles, by the factions of the red and white Roſe; and above all, return thanks, that the civil wars of Germany prevented Charles V. from ſwallowing up your country, and making it a province of the empire.

You had a brilliant moment under Lewis XIV. but don't, for that reaſon, think yourſelves ſuperior in every thing to the antient Romans and Greeks.

Conſider, that during the ſpace of ſix hundred years, ſcarce any body amongſt you, except a few of your new Druids, could either read or write. Your exceſſive ignorance gave you up to the Flamen of Rome and his aſſociates, like children, whom pedagogues govern and correct as they think proper. Your contracts of marriage, when you made contracts, which was but ſeldom, were written, in bad Latin, by clerks; you did not know what you had ſtipulated: and when you had children, there came a ſhaven monk from Rome, who proved to you, that your wife was not your wife, that ſhe was your couſin in the laſt degree, that your marriage was ſacrilegious, that your children were baſtards,

and

and that you were damned if you did not, without delay, make over one half of your property to the chamber called Apoſtolical.

Your baſiloi (kings) were not better treated than yourſelves: you had nine excommunicated (if I am not miſtaken) by the ſervant of the ſervants of God. Excommunication implied, of conſequence, the confiſcation of goods; ſo that your baſiloi loſt all right to their crown, which the Roman pontiff made a preſent of to which ever of his friends he thought proper.

You will tell me, my dear Welſh, that the people of Britain, or England, and even the Teutonic emperors, have been worſe uſed than you, and that they were full as ignorant. That is true, but that does not juſtify you: and if the Britiſh nation was ſo ſtupid as to be a long time a feudatory province to a Druid beyond the Alps, you will acknowledge that it contrived to revenge the affront; endeavour to follow the example if you can.

You had formerly a king who, though unfortunate in all his deſigns and expeditions, deſerves ſome praiſe, for having taught you to read and write; he even ſent to Italy for perſons who taught you the Greek language, and for others who taught you painting and ſtatuary: but there paſſed above a hundred years before you had a tolerable painter or ſtatuary; and as for thoſe who learned the Greek, and even the Hebrew, they were almoſt all burnt alive, having incurred the ſuſpicion of reading certain Judaical books; a thing highly dangerous.

I am willing to allow you, my dear Welſh men, that your country is the firſt country in the world; and yet you do not poſſeſs the largeſt

domain in the ſmalleſt of the four quarters of the earth. Conſider that Spain is of ſomewhat greater extent, that Germany is ſtill more ſo, that Poland and Switzerland are bigger, and that there are provinces in Ruſſia, of which the country of the Welſh would not make a fourth part.

I wiſh your country may prove the firſt in the world for the fertility of its ſoil: but, for God's ſake, think of your forty leagues of lands towards Bourdeaux, of that part of your Champagne to which you have given the noble appellation of the Louſy, of whole provinces where the inhabitants live entirely upon cheſnuts, and of others, where there is no bread to be had but rye bread: take notice of the prohibition you lie under to export corn out of your country; a prohibition founded upon your want, and perhaps too upon your character, which would excite you to ſell all you have as faſt as poſſible, in order to purchaſe it again at a very high price three months after: in this you reſemble certain inhabitants of America, who ſell their beds in the morning, forgetting that they will want them at night.

Add to this, that the expence which the faſhionable part of the nation is at, in flour to powder themſelves, whether you have your hair dreſſed in the royal bird faſhion, or whether you wear it looſe, like king Clodio and the privy counſellors, is an expence ſo univerſal, that it is very reaſonable to prevent the exportation of a commodity of which you make ſo good a uſe.

Firſt people of the earth, conſider that you have in your kingdom of Frankreik, about two millions of inhabitants who walk in wooden

ſhoes during ſix months of the year, and who go bare-footed during the remaining ſix.

Are you the firſt people of the earth for commerce and maritime glory? Alas!

I have heard it ſaid, but I cannot believe that yours is the only nation in the world that buys the right of judging men, and even of leading them to be killed in battle. I have been aſſured, that you make the public treaſure paſs through fifty hands before it arrives at the royal treaſury; and when it has gone through all theſe ſtrainers, it is at laſt reduced to the fifth part of its value at moſt.

In anſwer to this you will alledge, that you are extremely ſucceſsful in comic operas: but can you deny that you are indebted to Italy for your comic as well as your ſerious operas? I will own that you have invented ſome modes, though you now adopt almoſt all thoſe of the people of Britain. But was it not a Genoeſe who diſcovered the fourth part of the world, where you poſſeſs only two or three little iſlands? Was it not a native of Portugal who opened to you a paſſage to the Eaſt-Indies, where you lately loſt your little factories?

Perhaps you may be the firſt people in the world for the invention of arts: yet, was not the compaſs invented by John Goya, of Melphi? Was it not the German, Schwartz, who diſcovered the ſecret of inflammable powder? Was not printing, which you make ſo much uſe of, the fruit of a German's ingenious labour?

When you are diſpoſed to read the new pamphlets, which repreſent you as ſo learned a people, you ſometimes make uſe of ſpectacles: thank Francis Spina for this; for without him

you would never have been able to read ſmall characters. You have teleſcopes; for them thank James Metius the Dutchman, and Galilei Galileo the Florentine.

If you ſometimes amuſe yourſelves with barometers and thermometers, to whom are you indebted for them? To Torricelli, who invented the former; to Drebellius, who invented the latter.

Many of you ſtudy the true ſyſtem of the planetary world: it was a man born in Poliſh Pruſſia who diſcovered this ſecret of the Creator. You are aided in your calculations by logarithms; it is to the immenſe labour of lord Napier and his aſſociates that you are obliged for them: it is Guerick of Magdebourg, that you ſhould thank for the air-pump.

It is this ſame Galileo, whom I have juſt mentioned, who firſt diſcovered the ſatellites of Jupiter, the ſpots in the ſun, and its rotation upon its axis. The Dutchman Huygens, could ſee the ring of Saturn; an Italian could ſee its ſatellites, when you could perceive nothing at all.

In fine, it was the great Newton who demonſtrated to you the nature of light, and who diſcovered the great law which cauſes the ſtars to move, and which directs heavy bodies towards the centre of the earth.

Firſt people of the world, you love to adorn your cloſets, you hang up fine prints in them; but reflect, that the Florentine Finiguerra is the father of this art, which immortalizes what the pencil cannot preſerve. You have alſo fine clocks; this likewiſe is an invention of the Dutchman Huygens.

You

You ſometimes wear brilliants upon your fingers; reflect that it was the people of Venice that firſt began to cut them, and to imitate pearls.

You ſometimes contemplate yourſelves in a looking-glaſs; it is to Venice likewiſe that you are indebted for this invention.

I ſhould therefore be glad that you would ſhew in your books a little more reſpect for your neighbours. You don't indeed do like Rome, where all thoſe who diſcover any truth are brought before the inquiſition, let that truth be of what nature it will; and where Galileo was obliged to faſt upon bread and water, for having taught them that the planets move round the ſun. But what do you do? As ſoon as an uſeful diſcovery renders another nation illuſtrious, you combat it, and that for a long time. Newton ſhews the aſtoniſhed world the ſeven primitive and unchangeable rays of light; you, for twenty years, deny what has been proved by experiments, inſtead of making thoſe experiments yourſelves. He demonſtrated gravitation to you; and during forty years, you, in oppoſition to him, maintain the impertinent romance of the Carteſian vortices. In a word, you never yield, till all Europe has laughed at your obſtinacy.

In other countries, inoculation ſaves the lives of thouſands; you exert yourſelves, for above forty years, in endeavours to decry this ſalutary practice. If ſometimes, in carrying to the grave your wives or your children, dead of a natural ſmall-pox, you feel a moment's remorſe (as you happen to have a moment of grief and regret) if you then repent the not having adopted the practice of nations more wiſe and more reſolute

than

than you; if you ſometimes venture to do that which is ſo common among them; this reſolution does not hold, prejudice and lightneſs reaſſume their antient empire over you.

You either are ignorant, or pretend to be ignorant, that in the London hoſpitals ſet apart for the natural and artificial ſmall-pox, one fourth part of the patients who have the common ſmall-pox die, whilſt there ſcarcely dies one out of four hundred of thoſe that have been inoculated.

Thus you let one fourth of your fellow-citizens periſh; and when you are ſhocked at this calculation, which ſhews you to be ſo imprudent and ſo blame-worthy, what do you do? you conſult licentiates, either thoſe of the foundation of Robert Sorbon, or others: you preſent requiſitions! It is thus you maintained theſes againſt Harvey, when he had diſcovered the circulation of the blood: in this manner were decrees iſſued by the parliament of Paris, which condemned to the gallies thoſe who wrote againſt the Categories of Ariſtotle.

Oh, firſt people of the earth, when will you become reaſonable? You are under a neceſſity of acknowleding the truth of all I have ſaid to you. You make anſwer, that all your follies do not prevent mademoiſelle Du Chap from ſelling female habits and ornaments all over the North, no more than it prevents your language from being ſpoken at Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Moſcow. I ſhall not take into conſideration the importance of the firſt of theſe articles; the ſecond is alone the ſubject of my diſcourſe. You make it your boaſt, that your language is almoſt as univerſal as the Greek and Latin were for-

formerly. To whom are you indebted for this? To about a ſcore authors of genius; all of whom you neglected, perſecuted, and tormented, during their lives. You chiefly owe this triumph of your language in foreign countries, to the multitudes of natives who were obliged to quit their country about the year 1613: Bayle, Le Clerc, Baſnage, Bernard, Rapin Thoiras, Beauſobre, L'Enfant, and many more, departed to make Holland and Germany illuſtrious: literary commerce was one of the greateſt advantages of the United Provinces, and was entirely loſt to you. The misfortunes of your countrymen contributed greatly to make your language known to ſo many nations: the Racines, the Corneilles, the Molieres, the Boileaus, the Quinaults, the La Fontaines, and your good writers in proſe, have doubtleſs greatly contributed to ſpread abroad your language and your reputation: it is a great advantage, but it does not juſtify you in thinking that you ſurpaſs the Greeks and Romans in every thing.

In the firſt place, be ſo good as to conſider, that you have no art or ſcience, for the knowledge of which you are not indebted to the Greeks: the very names of thoſe arts and ſciences ſufficiently prove this; logic, dialectics, geometry, metaphyſics, poetry, geography, even theology, if it be a ſcience, all declare to you the ſource from whence you derive them.

There is not a ſingle woman that does not ſpeak Greek without being aware of it; for if ſhe ſays that ſhe has ſeen a tragedy or a comedy; that an ode has been read to her; that one of her relations has had a fit of the apoplexy, or is become paralytic; that he has a quincy, or that

a ſurgeon has bled him in the cephalic vein; that ſhe has been at church, where a deacon has ſung the Litany; if ſhe ſpeaks of biſhops, prieſts, arch-deacons, pope, liturgy, anthem, euchariſt, baptiſm, myſteries, decalogue, evangeliſts, hierarchy, &c. it is very certain that ſhe has ſcarce pronounced a word that is not Greek.

True it is, that thoſe who derive all theſe terms from a foreign language, may make ſo happy a uſe of them, that the diſciples may at laſt ſurpaſs the maſters. But when, in proceſs of time, you had formed your language of the ruins of the Greek and Latin, blended with your antient Welſh and Teutonic terms, did you then ſucceed ſo far as to compoſe a language ſufficiently copious, expreſſive, and harmonious? Does not your ſterility ſufficiently appear from the dry and barbarous terms you employ upon all occaſions? *Bout du pied, bout de doigt, bout d'oreille, bout de nez, bout de fil, bout de pont*, &c. End of the foot, end of the finger, end of the ear, end of the noſe, end of the thread, end of the bridge, &c. whilſt the Greeks expreſs all theſe different things by terms full of energy and harmony. You have been likewiſe reproached with uſing the expreſſions *un bras de riviere, un bras de mer, un cu d'artichaud, un cu de lampe, un cu de ſac*, &c. * Scarcely do you allow yourſelves to uſe the word *cu* in its proper ſenſe before matrons worthy of reſpect; and yet you make uſe of no other word to expreſs things with which it has no ſort of connexion. Jerome

* Some of theſe French phraſes would appear indecent if rendered literally.

Carré

Carré has propoſed to you the word *impaſſe*, to ſignify your ſtreets that have no paſſage from them; this term is noble and ſignificant; yet, to your ſhame be it ſpoken, it is conſtantly printed in your royal almanac, that one of you lives in the *cu de Sac*, and the other in the *cu de blancs Manteux*. Fie! are you not aſhamed? The Romans called ſuch ſtreets as had no iſſue, *angiportus*; they could not find any reſemblance between a ſtreet and the thing ſignified by the word *cu*.

What ſhall I ſay of the word *trou hole*, of which you make ſo frequent and ſo noble a uſe?

Do not you think that the names of your gates, your ſtreets, and your temples, would have a fine effect in an epic poem? We take pleaſure in ſeeing Hector run from the temple of Pallas to the Scæan gate. The ear is as much pleaſed as the imagination delighted, when the Greeks advance from Tenedos to the Trojan ſhore, upon the banks of the rivers Simois and Scamander; but, ſpeak honeſtly, could a poet repreſent your heroes deſcending from the church of *St. Pierre au Bœufs*, St. Peter with oxen; or *St. Jaques du haut pas*, St. James of high ſtep; advancing with fury by the ſtreet of *Pet au diable*, devil's fart; and by the ſtreet *Trouſſevache*, drive-cow; embarking upon the galley of St. Cloud, and going to join battle at the ſquare of *Long-jumeau*, long-twin?

The curious amongſt you preſerve a prodigious number of memoirs of the tranſactions that paſſed between the death of Henry II. and Henry IV. Theſe are monuments of rudeneſs produced by the itch of writing; they are collections of ſatires occaſioned by ſhocking events,

tranſ-

tranſmitted to poſterity in the low ſtile of the populace: at that time you had but one hiſtorian, and he was obliged to write in Latin.

At laſt, you have cleared your language of this barbarous ruſt, of this ſordid meanneſs; you have compoſed ſome good books; but have you in them ſurpaſſed Cicero and Demoſthenes? Have you wrote better than Livy, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Xenophon? What author, of a genius above mediocrity, has hitherto wrote your annals?

Is it becoming in Daniel to ſay, in the very firſt page of his hiſtory, "It was not till the reign of the great Clovis, that the French made themſelves for ever maſters of theſe vaſt provinces" Certain it is, that the great Clovis did not make himſelf maſter of them *for ever*; as his ſucceſſors loſt the whole tract that lies between Cologne and Franche-compte. This Daniel tells you, from the romancer Gregory of Tours, that the ſoldiers of Clovis, after the battle of Tolbiac, "Cried out, as it were in concert: We renounce mortal gods; we will no longer adore any but the eternal God; we no longer acknowledge any other God but him whom the holy biſhop Remi preaches to us."

It is not indeed poſſible that a whole French army ſhould, in concert, pronounce theſe words, and theſe antitheſes of mortal and immortal. Your Daniel reſembles your La Motte, who, in an abridgment of the Iliad, makes the whole Grecian army pronounce this verſe, when Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon.

Que ne vaincra-t-il point? il s'eſt vaincu lui-même.

Whom can't he conquer? he himſelf ſubdues.

How

How could the army of the Franks renounce mortal gods? Did it worſhip men? Were not Theut, Irminſul, Odin, and Fridda, whom theſe barbarians adored, immortal in their opinion? Daniel ſhould not have been ignorant, that all the inhabitants of the North adored a SupremeBeing, who preſided over theſe ſecondary divinities; he had nothing to do but to cite the antient book of Edda, quoted by the learned Huet, biſhop of Avranches; he had nothing to do but to read what Huet has ſaid expreſly in his treatiſe concerning the manners of the Germans: *Regnator omnium Deus*, God, the ruler of all: this deity was called God, or Goth, Goth the good; and it is matter of much ſurprize, that barbarians ſhould give the deity a title ſo worthy of him. Daniel ſhould not therefore have put ſuch an abſurdity into the mouth of a whole army; a folly which ſuits only a chriſtian pedagogue. But pray in what language did Remi preach to theſe Bructeri and Sicambri? He ſpoke either Latin or Welſh; and the Sicambri ſpoke the antient Teutonic. Remi, in all appearance, renewed the miracle of the Pentecoſt: *Et unuſquiſquis intendebat linguam ſuam*, And each underſtood his own language. If you examine Mezerai carefully, what a heap of fables, what confuſion, and what a ſtile do you meet with! Deſerve Livies, and you will have them.

I am inclined to think, that, amongſt you, the eloquence of the bar and the pulpit have had all the improvement they are capable of. The diviſion of your ſermons into three heads, when there is no occaſion for ſuch diviſion; an addreſs to the virgin Mary, which precedes this Di-

viſion; a long Welſh diſcourſe upon a Latin text, which is ſuited, the beſt it can, to that diſcourſe; and, finally, ſcraps of common place, repeated a thouſand times over, are maſter-pieces of compoſition, no doubt; the pleadings of your lawyers upon the cuſtoms of Hurepoix or Gatinois, will paſs to the lateſt poſterity; but I doubt much whether they will cauſe the Greek and Roman eloquence to be forgotten.

I am far from denying that Paſcal, Boſſuet, and Fenelon, were extremely eloquent. It was upon the appearing of theſe geniuſes, that you ceaſed to be Welſh, and that you became French. But don't compare the Provincial Letters to the Philippics. Firſt, conſider that the importance of the ſubject is ſomething: the names of Philip and Mark Anthony are ſomewhat above the names of father Annat, Eſcobar, and Tambourini. The intereſts of Greece, and the civil wars of Rome, are objects more conſiderable than ſufficient grace which is inſufficient; co-operating grace which does not operate; and efficacious grace which is without efficaciouſneſs. The great attractive of theſe Provincial Letters is loſt with the Jeſuits; but the Orations of Demoſthenes and Cicero ſtill inſtruct Europe, whilſt the objects of theſe harangues exiſt no longer; whilſt the Greeks are only ſlaves, and the Romans only monks.

I am very ſenſible, that the funeral orations of Boſſuet are exceeding fine, that they do not even want ſublimity; but what is a funeral oration? a diſcourſe of meer oſtentation, a declamatory piece, a collection of common-place, and often a violation of the truth. Should theſe poetical harangues be placed in the ſame claſs with

with the ſolid orations of Cicero and Demoſthenes?

Your Fenelon, an admirer of the antients, whoſe genius was formed by reading their works, lighted his waxen taper by their immortal flames: you will not be ſo preſumptuous as to maintain, that his Calypſo abandoned by Telemachus, comes near the Dido of Virgil: the cold and unaffecting paſſion of Telemachus, whom Mentor puſhes into the ſea with his fiſt, in order to cure him of his love, does not ſeem to be one of the moſt ſublime of inventions. And will you preſume that the proſe of that work is comparable to the poetry of Homer and Virgil? Oh my Welſh countrymen, what is a poem in proſe, but an acknowledgment of its author's deficiency in point of genius? Do you not know, that it is eaſier to compoſe ten volumes of tolerable proſe in your language, than ten good lines in verſe, in this language overloaden with articles, deprived of inverſions, poor in poetical terms, ſterile in bold turns of expreſſion, ſubjected to an eternal monotony of rhyme, and void of rhymes in the moſt noble ſubjects.

Do not you recollect, that when Lewis XIV. whom readers were reſolved to take for Idomeneus, was dead; when Louvois was forgotten, whoſe character they diſcovered in Proteſilaus; when the marchioneſs Scarron de Maintenon, whom they compared to the old Afterbe, was no longer envied; that then Telemachus loſt much of its eſteem. But the *tu Marcellus eris* of Virgil will always live in the memory of men; theſe lines, and thoſe which precede them, will be always cited with admiration:

Ter

Ter ſeſe attollens cubitoque innixa levavit,
Ter revoluta toro eſt, oculiſque errantibus alto
Quæſivit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque reperta:

In a proſe tranſlation of Virgil (for it is impoſſible for you to tranſlate him in verſe, and you have not yet had any ſucceſs in rendering the ſenſe of the Latin authors in proſe) an imitation of the admirable ſpeech of Dido, which follows, has been cited:

Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanios ferroque ſequare colonos.
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent ipſique nepotes.

This is the pretended imitation of Virgil, which is repreſented as a faithful copy of this grand picture.

Puiſſe après mon trepas s'elever de mon cendre
Un feu qui ſur la terre aille au loin ſe repandre:
Excites par mes vœux puiſſent mes ſucceſſeurs,
Jurer des le Berceau qu'ils ſeront mes vengeurs,
Et du nom de Troiens ennemis implacables,
Attaquer en tous lieux ces rivaux redoutables.
Que l'univers en proye â ces deux nations
Soit le theatre affreux de leurs diſſentions,
Que tout ſerve à nourir cette haine invincible;
Qu'elle croiſſe toujours juſques au moment terrible
Que l'un ou l'autre cede aux armes du vainqueur,
Que ſes derniers efforts ſignalent ſa fureur!

When I am dead, may from my fatal urn
Ariſe a fire which half the earth may burn:
Rous'd by my vows, may my ſucceſſors ſwear
In child-hood to make my revenge their care,
And of the Trojan name eternal foes,
May they my rivals in each clime oppoſe.

Be

Be earth a prey to theſe two nations rage,
Let it to their contentions be a ſtage;
May all things ſerve to feed this direful hate,
May it grow till the moment mark'd by fate;
Till one or t'other party yield of courſe,
May its laſt efforts ſignalize its force!

Do but conſider how weak, vitious, forced, and languiſhing, this pretended copy is;

Puiſſe apres mon trepas s'elever de mors cendre
Un feu qui ſur la terre aille au loin ſe repandre!

When I am dead, may from my fatal urn
Ariſe a fire which half the earth may burn!

What means this fire which is to ſpread itſelf far and wide over the earth? Do we find in theſe verſes fill'd with breaks, the leaſt word which recalls the ideas of grief, of terror and of vengeance, which breathe in this ſtriking line:

Exoriare aliquis noſtris ex oſſibus ultor.

The author has a revenger in view, and the bald imitator ſpeaks of a fire which is to burn half the earth. How much do the rhyming epithets, *implacables*, *redoubtables*, *invincibles*, *terribles*, weaken the painting of Virgil! how puerile is any epithet that adds nothing to the ſenſe!

I do not know who is the author of theſe lines; but this I know, that when the rhyming of a Welſh poet comes in competition with the moſt beautiful paſſages of an antient author, it muſt ſuffer by the compariſon.

Oh, ye French, I take pleaſure to join with you in the admiration of your great poets; it is chiefly they who have ſpread your language to the

the polar circle, and who have forced even the Italians and Spaniards to learn it. I begin with your natural and pleaſing La Fontaine: moſt of his fables are borrowed from Æſop the Phrygian, and Phœdrus the Roman: there are about fifty which are maſter-pieces for nature, for grace, and for diction. This ſpecies of writing is altogether unknown to the reſt of the moderns. I muſt own, I could wiſh that this extraordinary man had been leſs negligent in his other fables; that he had wrote this language, which he has made ſo familiar to neighbouring nations, with greater purity; that his ſtyle had been more chaſte and exact; that whilſt he greatly ſurpaſſed Phœdrus in delicacy, he had equalled him in purity of elocution. I am ſorry to ſee him begin by a ſhort dedication to a prince, in which he ſays to him:

Et ſi de l'agréer je n'emporte le prix,
J'aurai du moins l'honneur de l'avoir entrepris.

To pleaſe him ſhou'd the glory be deny'd,
'Twill be at leaſt an honour to have try'd.

It is a comical ſort of a glory to attempt to pleaſe a perſon; and what an abſurd phraſe is that of *le prix d'agréer*, the prize of pleaſing? Phœdrus does not expreſs himſelf in this manner: Phœdrus does not make the ant ſay, *ni mon grenier ni mon armoire ne ſe remplit a babiller*; neither my barn nor my cheſt are fill'd by prate. The fox in Phœdrus ſays, "the grapes are too green," but he does not add, "they are good only for little brats."

It vexes me, when I meet with the expreſſions *la cigale ayant chanté tout été*, the graſshopper having ſung the whole ſummer; to which the ant

ant anſwers, *Vous chantiez! j'en ſuis bien aiſe, hé bien danſez maintenant*; You ſung! I am glad to hear it; well then, now dance.

The wolf might ſay to the dog with the chain, that he would not buy plenty with his liberty; but this wolf makes me uneaſy when he adds;

Je ne voudrois pas même a ce prix un treſor;
Cela dit maître loup s'enfuit & court encor.

Bought at this price, I'd not a treaſure prize;
This ſaid, away he fled, and ſtill he flies.

A wolf never deſired gold or ſilver.

The man who blows his fingers becauſe he's cold, and breathes upon his ſoup becauſe it is too hot, is quite in the right: he does not at all deſerve to have it ſaid of him,

Arriére ceux dont la bouche
Souffle le chaud & le froid.

Avaunt the man, I like him not,
Who blows what's cold as well as hot.

It is abuſing a trivial proverb which is not here properly applied: but theſe little blemiſhes do not prevent the fables of La Fontaine from being an immortal work.

His tales are, doubtleſs, the beſt we have; this merit, if it be a merit, is unknown to Greek and Roman Antiquity. La Fontaine has, in this reſpect, ſurpaſſed Rabelais, and often equalled the ſimplicity and preciſion which are to be met with in three or four works of Marot; in his beſt tales, you meet with that pleaſing vein, that nature of Paſſerat, who lived in the reign of Henry III. and has left us the metamorphoſis of the cuckow, a work too little

known, in which we diſcover nothing of the ruſticity of the age in which it was wrote, and which one would be tempted to think a work of La Fontaine himſelf.

Thus Paſſerat ends the tale of this poor, jealous wretch; who being metamorphoſed into a cuckow,

S'envole au bois, au bois ſe tient caché,
Honteux d'avoir ſa femme tant cherché;
Et nean moins quand le printems s'enflame
Nos cœurs d'amour, il cherche encor ſa femme:
Parle au paſſants & ne peut dire qu'ou,
Rien que ce mot ne retint le coucou
D'humain parler: mais par œuvres il montre
Qu'onc en oubli ne mit ſa malencontre,
Se ſouvenant qu'on vint pondre chez lui,
Venge ce tort & pond au nid d'autrui:
Voila comment ſa douleur il allege.
Heureux ceux la qui ont ce privilege.

Flies to the woods, there ſhuns the throng,
Vex'd to have ſought his ſpouſe ſo long;
Yet when the ſpring revives Love's flame
In ev'ry heart, he ſeeks his dame:
To all that paſs he ſpeaks and mutters
Ou, for no other word he utters;
But by his actions plainly ſhews,
He recollects his wrongs and woes;
Remembers how birds on a day
Came in his neſt their eggs to lay;
For which he juſt revenge prepares,
Reſolv'd in turn to lay in theirs.
Thus he alleviates his grief;
Bleſs'd who can thus procure relief.

Upon this ſtile La Fontaine formed his: for all your poets of Lewis IV's age began by imitating

tating their predeceſſors; Corneille at firſt imitated the ſtile of Mairet and Rotrou; Boileau that of Reignier.

Perhaps the grand defect of La Fontaine's tales is, that they almoſt all turn upon the ſame ſubject; it is always the debauching of a daughter or a wife: the ſtile of them is not always correct and elegant; they are disfigured by negligencies, by prolixities, and by proverbial and trivial expreſſions. He ſeems to be inferior to Arioſto in the tales which he has borrowed from that author. Arioſto not only has the merit of being the inventor, but he has woven thoſe little adventures into a long poem, wherein they are related as there occurs occaſion. His ſtile is always pure; there is in him no prolixity, no defect of ſtile, no foreign ornaments; in a word, he is a painter, and a very great painter; that is the firſt merit of poetry; and it is what La Fontaine has neglected. Obſerve, in the Joconda of Arioſto, the young Greek who finds Fiammetta in her bed whilſt ſhe lies between king Aſtolpho and Joconda.

Viene all'uſcio & lo ſpinge, & quel li cede;
Entra pian piano, va a tenton col piede.
Fa lunghi i paſſi, e ſempre in quel di dietro
Tutto ſi ferma, e l'altro par che mova,
A quiſa che di dar tema nel vetro;
Non ch'el terreno abbia a calcar ma l'uova,
E tien la mano innanzi ſimil metro,
Va bran colando in fin che'l letto trova;
E di la dove gli altri avean le piante;
Tacito ſi caccio col capo inante.

The door yields to her hand, ſhe enters ſlow,
And groping cautious, forward tries to go;
Her ſteps ſhe lengthens, onward tries to paſs,
As if ſhe fear'd to ſtrike againſt a glaſs;
Her hand before reſembling motions kept,
Thus ſhe approach'd the bed wherein they ſlept;
And then, from where the others legs were plac'd
Advancing forward, paſs'd with eager haſte.

It is ſurpriſing that your Boileau, in the judgment he has paſſed upon the Joconda of Arioſto, and upon that of La Fontaine, ſhould reproach the Italian author with certain liberties; he does not recollect that it is an inn keeper that ſpeaks; every perſon ſhould preſerve his peculiar character. Arioſto, whilſt he attends to this coſtume, as the painters call it, does not let a ſingle word eſcape him that is not pure Tuſcan; an extraordinary merit in a work of ſuch length, wrote entirely in redoubled ſtanzas.

I have ſpoken too long of this trivial ſpecies of writing, which, trivial as it is, contributes to the glory of literature;

In tenui labor at tenuis non gloria.

The ſubject's trivial, but not ſo the praiſe.

I ſhould enlarge upon the ſuperior merit of your theatre, whoſe only defect is, that it is not ſufficiently tragical, if this ſubject had not been ſo often treated of already.

It is my opinion, that Euripides would bluſh at his glory, that he would hide himſelf through ſhame, if he was to ſee the Phœdra and Iphigenia of Racine. The tragedies of Racine, and many of the ſcenes of Corneille, are ſome of the fineſt pieces in your language. Many of the

the ſcenes of Quinault are admirable, in a ſpecies of poetry no more known to the antients than that of La Fontaine's tales. Your Moliere ſurpaſſes both Terence and Plautus; I will acknowledge likewiſe, that Boileau's Art of Poetry is more poetical than that of Horace; that he ſet the example in giving the precept, and that his copy is ſuperior to the original. This is your glory; ſtrive to preſerve it: you excel in theſe two ſorts of compoſition alone, you have rivals or maſters in all others. You have been ſo affected by the charms of verſe, that now-a-days your treatiſes upon phyſics and metaphyſics unhappily breathe the ſpirit of poetry; no longer able to write poems in the ſame taſte in which they were wrote in the age of Lewis XIV. you have only diſcovered the ſecret how to ſpoil your proſe.

You are threatened with another plague: I am informed that there riſes amongſt you, a ſet of rigid people who call themſelves ſolid; gloomy geniuſes, who pretend to judgment becauſe they are void of imagination; men of learning, enemies to letters, who are for ever baniſhing polite antiquity and fable. Do not give ear to their inſinuations, oh you French! if you do, you will ſoon become Welſh again.

Imagination, daughter of heaven, built formerly in Greece a temple of tranſparent marble; ſhe, with her own hands, painted upon the walls of the temple all nature in allegorical pictures: there Jupiter, the ſovereign of gods and men, was ſeen to bring forth the goddeſs of Wiſdom by his brain; the goddeſs of Beauty is likewiſe his daughter, but ſhe did not ſpring from his head: this Beauty is the mother of Love.

that this Beauty may have the power of enchanting hearts, ſhe ſhould be never unattended by the three Graces: and who are theſe neceſſary companions of Beauty? One is Aglate, who burns all; another Euphroſine, who inſpires hearts with tranquil joy; and the third Thalia, who ſtrews flowers upon the footſteps of the goddeſs; this is the ſignification of their three names. The muſes teach all the elegant arts; they are daughters of Memory, and their birth informs you, that without the aſſiſtance of Memory, man can neither invent nor combine two ideas.

This then is what barbarians would deſtroy; and what can they ſubſtitute in the place of theſe divine emblems? The pleadings of Mr. de Saci, with ſome other works of equal merit? The harangue of Mr. Stephen le Dain, pronounced in the ſecretary's office?

Oh ye Welſh, if Janus with a double forehead, repreſenting the year which begins and ends, retains among you ſtill the rude and unintelligible name of January; if your April, which ſignifies nothing, is with the antients the month conſecrated to Aphrodite, to Venus, to the principle that makes nature young; if the barbarous names of *Vendredi & Mercredi*, Friday and Wedneſday, recall the ideas of Venus and Mercury; if the whole heaven in its conſtellations is ſtill filled with the fables of Greece; reſpect your maſters, if you have not a mind to reſemble that learned Welſhman, who maintained that the twelve patriarchs, ſons of Jacob, had invented the twelve ſigns of the zodiac; that the Ram was that of Iſaac, the Twins that of Jacob and Eſau, the Virgin that of Rebecca,

Aquarius

Aquarius the pitcher of Rebecca; and that the other ſigns had been given wrong.

Believe me, my dear brethren, you would not do amiſs to retain the beautiful profane inventions of your predeceſſors.

ESSAY

UPON THE

ENGLISH THEATRE.

By JEROME CARRE.

TWO little Engliſh books informs us, that this nation, famous for ſo many excellent works, and ſo many famous enterprizes, is poſſeſſed of two excellent tragic poets: one is Shakeſpeare, who is ſaid greatly to ſurpaſs Corneille; the other, the tender Otway, much ſuperior to the tender Racine.

This diſpute turning entirely upon taſte, there does not ſeem any anſwer to be made to the Engliſh. Who can hinder a whole nation from liking a poet of its own better than one of another country? It is impoſſible to prove to a whole people that it is pleaſed in the wrong place; but we may refer the matter in diſpute between the ſtage of Paris and that of London to other nations. We therefore addreſs ourſelves to all readers from Peterſbourgh to Naples, and we entreat them to decide the controverſy.

There is not a man of learning in Ruſſia, in Italy, in Germany, in Spain, in Switzerland, or in Holland, who is not acquainted with Cinna and Phædra; and very few of them have any knowledge of the works of Shakeſpeare or Otway. This is a great prejudice in favour of the former; however, it is but a prejudice. The papers relative to the ſuit ſhould be produced before the bar. Hamlet is one of the moſt admired pieces of Shakeſpeare, as well as one of thoſe which are oſteneſt repreſented. We ſhall faithfully lay it before the judges.

PLAN of the TRAGEDY of HAMLET.

The ſubject of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, is pretty nearly the ſame with that of Electra.

Hamlet king of Denmark, was poiſoned by his brother Claudius and his queen Gertrude, who poured poiſon in his ear whilſt he was aſleep. Claudius ſucceeded the deceaſed; and a few days after the burying, the widow married the brother-in-law.

No body had ever entertained the leaſt ſuſpicion of the late king Hamlet's being poiſoned in the manner above related. Claudius reigns in peace. Two ſoldiers being upon guard before the gate of Claudius's palace, one ſays to the other, How has your hour paſſed? The other anſwers, Very well, I have not heard a mouſe ſtir. After ſome diſcourſe of the ſame nature, the ghoſt appears, dreſt like the late king Hamlet; one of theſe ſoldiers ſays to his comrade, Speak to this ghoſt, you are a ſcholar; That I will, ſays the other: Stay and ſpeak, phantom, I command you. The apparition diſappears

appears without anſwering. The two ſoldiers, in aſtoniſhment, talk of this apparition. The learned ſoldier remembers that he had heard that "the ſame thing had happened at the time of the death of Cæſar; tombs were opened, the dead in their ſhrouds ſcreamed and leaped about in the ſtreets of Rome: it without doubt is a preſage of ſome extraordinary event."

At theſe words the ghoſt appears a ſecond time: then one of the guards cries out, Phantom, what would you have? Can I do any thing for you; Is your coming occaſioned by any hidden treaſures? Then the cock crows. The ghoſt walks off ſlowly; the centinels propoſe ſtriking it with a halberd in order to ſtop it; but it flies; and the ſoldiers conclude that it is cuſtomary with ghoſts to vaniſh at the crowing of the cock, "For, ſay they, at the time of Advent, (Chriſtmas eve) the bird of dawning ſings all night, and then ſpirits dare not wander any longer; the nights are wholeſome, the planets ſhed no bad influence; fairies and ſorcerers are without power at ſo holy and bleſſed a ſeaſon."

Obſerve, by the bye, that this is one of the ſtriking paſſages that Pope has marked with commas in his edition of Shakeſpeare, to make readers take notice of its excellence.

After the ghoſt has thus made his appearance, king Claudius, Gertrude his queen, and the courtiers, join in a converſation in the hall of the palace. Young Hamlet, ſon of the poiſoned monarch, the hero of the piece, receives with ſadneſs and melancholy the marks of friendſhip, ſhewn him by Claudius and Gertrude: this prince was far from ſuſpecting that his father had been poiſoned by them; but he was

highly diſpleaſed that his mother had ſo ſoon married the brother of her firſt huſband. Gertrude diſſuades her ſon from continuing to wear mourning for his father to no purpoſe. "It is not, ſays he, my coat as black as ink, nor the appearances of grief, which conſtitute the real mourning; this mourning is at the bottom of the heart, the reſt is only vain parade." He declares that he has an inclination to quit Denmark, and go to ſchool to Wittenbergh. "Dear Hamlet, ſays the queen, do not go to ſchool to Wittenbergh, ſtay with us." Hamlet anſwers, that he will endeavour to obey her. Claudius is charmed at the anſwer; and orders that all of his court ſhould go and drink, whilſt the canons were fired off; though gun-powder was not then invented.

Hamlet, left alone a prey to his reflections, makes the following ſoliloquy. "What, my "mother! whom my father loved to ſuch a "degree! my mother, for whom my father "found his appetite increaſe the longer he "eat! My mother marries another at the "end of a month! another, no more to be "compared to him, than a ſatyr's to be com-"pared to the ſun! the month being ſcarce "elapſed! What do I ſay? before ſhe had worn "out the ſhoes with which ſhe followed the "body of my poor father! Ah, frailty is the "name of woman! my heart burſts*, for I "muſt hold my tongue." Here again Pope

* Here Mr. de Voltaire's tranſlation of Shakeſpeare is evidently defective; the line in the original is,

But I muſt hold my tongue.

gives

gives notice to his readers, that this paſſage is worthy of their admiration.

In the mean time the two centinels come to inform prince Hamlet, that they had ſeen a ghoſt which bore a ſtrong reſemblance to the king his father: this gives the prince great uneaſineſs; he is impatient to ſee this apparition; he ſwears that he will ſpeak to it, though hell ſhould gape and bid him hold his peace; and he goes home to wait the cloſe of the day with impatience.

Whilſt he is in his apartment at the palace, a young perſon named Ophelia, daughter of lord Polonius, great chamberlain, appears in the houſe of her father, with her brother Laertes. This Ophelia has ſome inclination for prince Hamlet. Laertes gives her very good advice.

"Do you ſee me, ſiſter, a prince, the heir "to a kingdom, ſhould not carve for himſelf; "his morſels ſhould be choſen for him; take "care how you loſe your heart with him, and "how you open your chaſte treaſure to his vio- "lent importunities. It is dangerous to pull "off one's maſk, even by moon-light: putre- "faction often deſtroys the children of the "ſpring before their buds are blown; and in the "morning, and the dew of youth, contagious "winds are much to be feared."

OPHELIA anſwers.

"Ah, dear brother, don't deal with me as "ſome ungracious paſtors do, who ſhew the "ſteep and thorny road to heaven, whilſt they "themſelves, like bold libertines, do the re- "verſe of what they preach."

The brother and ſiſter having had this converſation, leave the ſtage to prince Hamlet, who returns with a friend and the ſame ſentinels who had ſeen the ghoſt. The apparition again preſents itſelf before them: the prince ſpeaks to it with reſpect and reſolution; the ghoſt anſwers only by making Hamlet a ſign to follow him. Ah, do not follow him, ſaid his friend; he that follows a ghoſt, is in danger of loſing his ſenſes; No matter, anſwers Hamlet, I will go with him. They endeavour to prevent him, but without ſucceſs. "My deſtiny cries out to me "to go, ſays he, and makes the ſmalleſt of my "arteries as ſtrong as the lyon of Nemea. Yes, "I'll follow him, and I'll make a ghoſt of who-"ever oppoſes me."

Then he goes out with the ghoſt, and they both return ſoon after, quite familiar with each other. The ghoſt informs him, "That he is "in purgatory, and that he is going to relate "to him things that will make his hair ſtand "on end like quills upon a porcupine. 'Tis "thought, ſays he, that I died of the bite of a "ſerpent in my garden; but the ſerpent is the "man that wears my crown, it is my brother; "and what is moſt horrible is, that he put me "to death without my ſo much as receiving "extreme unction; revenge me: farewell my "ſon; glow-worms ſhew that the morning ap-"proaches; farewell, remember me." The friends of prince Hamlet then return, and aſk him what the ghoſt had ſaid. "It is a very "honeſt ghoſt, anſwers the prince, but ſwear "that you will divulge nothing of what it has "entruſted me with." Immediately the voice of the ghoſt is heard, which cries out to Hamlet's

let's friends, "Swear." "You muſt ſwear by "my ſword," ſays the prince to them. The ghoſt cries under-ground, "Swear by his ſword." They ſwear. Hamlet goes with them without forming any reſolution. You may remember that this ſame prince Hamlet was in love with the lady Ophelia, daughter of lord Polonius, great chamberlain, and ſiſter of young Laertes, who travels to France for his improvement. The good man, Polonius, recommends his ſon Laertes to his governor, and tells him in plain terms, that the young man ſometimes goes to the bawdy-houſe, and that he ſhould be narrowly watched. Whilſt he is giving directions to the governor, his daughter Ophelia enters in a terrible fright, "Ah, my lord! whilſt I was at "work in my cloſet, prince Hamlet entered "with his waiſtcoat unbuttoned, without hat "or garters, with his ſtockings upon his heels, "with knees trembling and knocking againſt "each other, pale as his ſhirt: he a long time "examined my face, as if he was going to draw "it, ſhook my arm, ſhook his head, heaved "ſeveral deep ſighs, and went off like a blind "man who gropes his way." The chamberlain, Polonius, who does not know that Hamlet has ſeen a ghoſt, and that he may poſſibly have loſt his ſenſes, thinks that his exceſſive love for Ophelia may have turned his head; and here the matter reſts. The king and queen talk a long time of the madneſs of the prince. Ambaſſadors from Norway arrive at court, and hear this accident. The good man, Polonius, who is an old dotard, much more crazy than Hamlet, aſſures the king that he will take care of this diſordered perſon; "'Tis my duty, ſays he,

"for

" for what is duty? 'Tis duty juſt as day is " day, night night, and time time; therefore " ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit, and loquacity " the body, I will be brief: Your noble ſon is " mad; I call it mad: for what is madneſs but " being mad? In fine, madam, he is mad; " this is fact; it is a great pity, it is a great " pity it ſhould be true; the only buſineſs now " is to find the cauſe of the effect. Now the " cauſe is, that I have a daughter." To prove that it was love that had deprived the prince of his ſenſes, he reads to the king and queen the letters that Hamlet had written to Ophelia.

Whilſt thus the king, the queen, and all the court, talk of the melancholy condition of the prince, he arrives in great diſorder, and by his diſcourſe confirms the opinion that had been conceived of his madneſs; he however ſometimes makes anſwers that diſcover a ſoul deeply wounded, and which are replete with good ſenſe. The chamberlains, who have orders to amuſe him, propoſe to him to hear a company of comedians, who were juſt arrived. Hamlet talks very rationally of plays; the players act a ſcene before him, he gives his opinion of it with great good ſenſe. Afterwards, when he is alone, he declares " that he is not ſo mad as he ap- " pears to be. What, ſays he, a player has " wept for Hecuba! What's Hecuba to him? " What would he then do if his uncle and his " mother had poiſoned his father, as Claudius " and Gertrude have poiſoned mine? Ah, curſt " poiſoner, aſſaſſin, fornicator, debauchee, baſe " villain, and I now, what an aſs am I? is " not this fine conduct in me, the ſon of a " king who has been poiſoned, me, from whom " heaven

"heaven and hell demand vengeance, to con-
"tent myſelf with evaporating my reſentment
"in words like a common whore? I am ſatis-
"fied with curſing like a ſlut, a beggar-wo-
"man, a ſcullion."

He then forms a reſolution to avail himſelf of the above-mentioned players, to diſcover whether his uncle and his mother had in fact poiſoned his father; for after all, ſays he, the apparition may have deceived me; it is perhaps the devil that hath ſpoken to me; this matter muſt be cleared up. Hamlet then directs the players to play a pantomime, in which one is to ſleep, and another to pour poiſon into his ear. It is very certain, that if king Claudius is guilty, he will be greatly ſurprized when he ſees the pantomime; he will turn pale, his guilt will be ſeen upon his face; Hamlet will be ſure of the crime, and will have a right to revenge.

Thus ſaid, thus done. The company comes and repreſents this ſcene in dumb ſhew before the king, the queen, and the whole court; and the dumb ſhew is ſucceeded by a ſcene in verſe. The king and queen look upon theſe two ſcenes as highly impertinent; they ſuſpect Hamlet of having played them this trick, and of not being quite ſo great a madman as he appeared to be; this idea gave them great perplexity; they trembled with fear of having been detected. What courſe could they take? King Claudius reſolves to ſend Hamlet to England, upon pretext of curing his madneſs; and writes to his good friend the king of England, to deſire it as a favour of him, that he would hang the young traveller upon the receipt of his letter.

But

But the queen is desirous of questioning and sounding Hamlet before his departure; and for fear he should do some mischief in his madness, the old chamberlain, Polonius, hides himself behind a tapestry hanging, in order to come to the queen's assistance, if there should be occasion.

The prince, who was mad, or who pretended to be so, comes to confer with his mother Gertrude. In his way, he sees in a corner king Claudius, who was seized with a fit of remorse; he is afraid of being one day damned for having poisoned his brother, married his widow, and usurped his crown. He kneels down and makes a short prayer, not worth repeating. Hamlet, at first, has an inclination to take that time in order to kill him; but reflecting that Claudius is in a state of grace, because he is then offering up his prayers to God, he takes care not to kill him in such circumstances. "What "a fool should I be, says he, I should send him "directly to heaven, whereas he sent my father "to purgatory. Come, my sword, wait for "another time in order to stab him; wait till "he is drunk, gaming, or swearing, or till he "is in bed with some incestuous woman *, or "till he is doing some other deed that is not "likely to work out his salvation; then fall "upon him, that he may kick at heaven, and "that his soul may be damned, and black as "hell to which he will descend." This like-

* A mistranslation. The verse in Hamlet is,

Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed.

Meaning in the embraces of Gertrude, who had been his brother's wife.

wife is a paſſage which Pope's commas direct us to admire.

Hamlet then having deferred the murder of Claudius, in order to damn him, comes to confer with his mother; and notwithſtanding his madneſs, overwhelms her with ſuch bitter reproaches of her crime, as pierce her to the very heart. The old chamberlain, Polonius, is apprehenſive of his carrying matters too far; he cries out for help behind the hanging; Hamlet takes it for granted that it was the king who had hid himſelf there, to liſten to their converſation; Ah mother, cries he, there is a great rat behind the hangings; he thereupon draws his ſword, runs to the rat, and kills the good man Polonius. "Ah my ſon, what are you "about?" cries the queen. "Mother, returns "Hamlet, it is the king that I have ſlain! It is "a wicked action to kill a king *; almoſt as "wicked, my good mother, as to kill a king "and lie with his brother." This converſation laſts a long time; and Hamlet, as he goes out, walks upon the dead body of the old chamberlain, and is ready to fall down †.

The good lord chamberlain was an old fool, and is repreſented as ſuch, as has already been ſeen: his daughter Ophelia, who, no doubt, reſembled him in this reſpect, becomes raving mad when ſhe is informed of her father's death: ſhe runs upon the ſtage with flowers and ſtraw upon

* This paſſage is manifeſtly tranſlated wrong.

† This circumſtance is entirely of the invention of Monſ. de Voltaire; not contented with depreciating Shakeſpeare, he even miſrepreſents him.

her

her head, ſings ballads, and then goes and drowns herſelf. Thus there are three mad people in the play, the chamberlain, and Hamlet, without reckoning the other buffoons who play their parts.

The corps of Ophelia is taken out of the river, and her funeral is prepared. In the mean time king Claudius had made the prince embark for England; Hamlet, whilſt upon his paſſage, had conceived a ſuſpicion that he had been ſent to London with ſome treacherous deſign: he finds in the pocket of one of the chamberlains his conductor, the letter of king Claudius to his friend the king of England, ſealed with the great ſeal; in it he finds it earneſtly recommended to the king of England to diſpatch him the moment of his arrival. What does he do? He happened luckily to have the great ſeal of his father in his purſe; he throws the letter into the ſea, and writes another which he ſigns with the name of Claudius, and requeſts the king of England to hang the bearers upon their arrival; then he folds up the whole packet, and ſeals it with the ſeal of the kingdom.

This done, he finds a pretext for returning to court. The firſt thing he ſees is two grave-diggers digging Ophelia's grave; theſe two labourers are likewiſe buffoons in the tragedy. They diſcuſs the queſtion, whether Ophelia ſhould be buried in conſecrated ground after having drowned herſelf? and they conclude that ſhe ſhould be buried in chriſtian burial becauſe ſhe was a young lady of quality. Then they maintain that labourers are the moſt antient gentlemen upon earth, becauſe they are of the ſame trade with Adam; but was Adam a gentleman? ſays one of the grave-diggers. Yes, anſwers the other,

other, for he was the firſt that ever bore arms. What, did he bear arms? ſays the grave-digger. Without doubt, ſays t'other, can a man till the ground without ſpades and pickaxes? He therefore bore arms, he was a gentleman.

In the midſt of theſe fine harangues, and the ſongs ſung by theſe gentlemen in the pariſh-church of the palace, arrives prince Hamlet with one of his friends, and they contemplate the ſkulls found by the grave-diggers. Hamlet thinks he has diſcovered the ſkull of a ſtateſman able to cheat God, then that of a courtier, then the ſkull of a court lady, and of a knaviſh lawyer, and he is very liberal of his raileries upon the owners of thoſe skulls. At laſt the skull of the king's jeſter is found, and it is concluded that there is not any great difference between the brain of Cæſar or Alexander and that of this jeſter; in fine, the grave is made whilſt they thus diſpute and ſing. Holy-water is brought by the prieſts. The body of Ophelia is brought upon the ſtage. The king and queen follow the bier; Laertes in mourning accompanies the corps of his ſiſter Ophelia; and when the body is laid in the ground, Laertes, frantic with grief, leaps into the grave. Hamlet, who remembers that he had once loved Ophelia, leaps in likewiſe. Laertes, enraged at ſeeing in the ſame grave with him the perſon who had killed the chamberlain Polonius, taking him for a rat, flies in his face; they wreſtle in the grave, and the king cauſes them to be parted, in order to preſerve decency in the funeral ceremonies.

In the mean time, king Claudius, who is a great politician, perceives that it is abſolutely neceſſary to diſpatch ſuch a dangerous mad-man

as prince Hamlet; and ſince that young prince had not been hanged at London, it is thought highly proper that he ſhould be diſpatched in Denmark.

The artful Claudius has recourſe to the following ſtratagem. He was uſed to poiſoning: Heark ye, ſays he to young Laertes, prince Hamlet has killed your father, my great chamberlain; that you may have it in your power to revenge yourſelf, I ſhall propoſe to you a little piece of chivalry: I will lay a wager with you that in twelve paſſes you will not hit Hamlet three times; you ſhall fence with him before the whole court. You ſhall have a ſharp foil, the point of which I have dipped in a poiſon exceeding ſubtile. If you unluckily ſhould not be able to hit the prince, I will take care to have a bottle of poiſoned wine ready for him upon the table. People that fence muſt drink: Hamlet will drink, and one way or other muſt loſe his life. Laertes thinks the expedient, for amuſement and revenge, admirably deviſed.

Hamlet accepts the challenge; bottles are placed upon the table; two champions appear with foils in their hands in the preſence of king Claudius, queen Gertrude, and the whole Daniſh court; they fence; Laertes wounds Hamlet with his poiſoned foil. Hamlet, finding himſelf wounded, cries out, Treachery; and, in a rage, tears the poiſoned foil from Laertes, ſtabs him, and ſtabs the king: queen Gertrude, in a fright, drinks, in order to recover herſelf; thus ſhe is poiſoned likewiſe; and all four, that is, king Claudius, Gertrude, Laertes, and Hamlet, die upon the ſtage.

It

remarkable that an expreſs juſt then ar-
hat the two chamberlains, who had ſailed
ngland with the packet ſealed with the
ſeal of England, had been diſpatched upon
landing. Thus there does not remain one
of the drama alive: but, to ſupply the place
deceaſed, there is one Fort-en-bras, a re-
of the family, who had conquered Poland
the repreſentation of the piece, and who
at the concluſion of it to offer himſelf
ndidate for the throne of Denmark.
is is the whole plan of the celebrated tra-
of Hamlet, the maſter-piece of the London
e. Such is the work that is preferred to
re there are two important queſtions to be
the firſt is, how ſo many wonderful
could be generated in one head alone?
muſt be acknowledged that all the plays of
wine Shakeſpear are in the very ſame taſte.
ſecond is, how audiences have been able to
themſelves up to ſee theſe pieces with tranſ-
and how they can ſtill be attended to in an
hich has produced the Cato of Addiſon?
e aſtoniſhment occaſioned by the firſt won-
will ceaſe entirely when it is known that
ſpear has taken the ſubjects of all his tra-
s from hiſtory or romances; and that he has
nothing more than turn into dialogues the
ices of Claudius, Gertrude and Hamlet,
n entirely by Saxo the grammarian, to
the whole glory of the performance
s.

e ſecond part of the queſtion, that is, the
ure taken in ſeeing theſe tragedies, is ſome-
what

what more difficult to be accounted for; but this ſeems to be the reaſon of it, according to the profound reflexions of certain philoſophers:

Chairmen, ſailors, hackney-coachmen, prentice boys, butchers and clerks, are paſſionately fond of fights; give them cock-fights, bull-fights, or prize-fighters, buryings, duels, executions, witchcraft and ghoſts, and they croud to the theatre; many a nobleman is as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found in the tragedies of Shakeſpeare every thing that can pleaſe the curious. Thoſe at court were obliged to conform to the current taſte: how could they avoid admiring what the moſt rational of the citizens admired? There was nothing better to be ſeen during a hundred and fifty years; admiration gathered ſtrength, and was converted into idolatry. A few ſtrokes of genius, a few happy lines replete with nature and force, which ſpectators got by heart whether they would or no, procured indulgence for the reſt; and ſoon the whole piece ſucceeded by means of a few detached beauties.

Certain it is, that ſuch beauties are to be met with in Shakeſpeare. Mr. de Voltaire is the firſt that cauſed them to be known in France; it is he who taught us, about thirty years ago, the names of Milton and Shakeſpeare: but the tranſlations which he has given us of ſome paſſages of theſe authors, are they faithful? He apprizes us himſelf that they are not; he has rather copied than tranſlated. In this manner he has rendered in verſe the ſoliloquy of Hamlet at the beginning of the ſecond ſcene of the third act:

Demeure, il faut choiſir & paſſer à l'inſtant
De la vie à la mort, & de l'être au néant,
Dieux juſtes, s'il en eſt, eclairez mon courage.
Faut-il vieiller courbé ſous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter ou finir mon malheur & mon ſort ?
Qui ſuis je ? Qui m'arrête ? Et qu'eſt-ce que la mort ?
C'eſt la fin de nos meaux, c'eſt mon unique azyle ;
Après des longs tranſports c'eſt un ſommeil tranquille.
On s'endort & tout meurt : mais un affreux reveil
Doit ſucceder peut-être au douceurs du ſommeil.
On nous menace, on dit que cette courte vie
De tourmens eternels eſt auſſitot ſuivie.
O mort ! moment fatal ! affreuſe eternité !
Tout cœur a ton ſeul nom ſe glace epouventé.
Eh ! qui pourroit ſans ton ſupporter cette vie ?
De nos fourbes puiſſants benir l'hypocriſie ?
D'une indigne maitreſſe encenſer les erreurs ?
Ramper ſous une miniſtre, adorer ſes hauteurs ?
Et montrer les langueurs de ſon ame abbatue
A des amis ingrats qui detournent la vue ?
La mort ſeroit trop douce en ces extremitez ;
Mais le ſcrupule parle & nous crie, arrêtez.
Il defend a nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Et d'un heros guerrier fait un chretien timide, &c.

Let's make a choice, and in a moment paſs
From life to death, from being to the grave.
Juſt gods, if gods there be, inſtruct my ſoul.
Muſt I grow grey beneath oppreſſion's weight;
Support or end at once my life and woe ?
What holds my hand, what is it then to die ?
Death is the end of all our ills, 'tis reſt ;
After much toſſing, 'tis a ſleep profound.
But we are menac'd, we are told that death
Is follow'd by eternal puniſhments.

Oh death! dire moment! oh eternity!
Each heart with horror ſhrinks to hear thee nam'd.
Wer't not for thee, who could this life endure?
Who'd bear to cringe and fawn on knaves in pow'r?
Who would a miſtreſs' follies idolize;
Adore the caprice of a miniſter;
And ſhew the ſorrows of his wounded ſoul
To thoſe who ſee his grief with ſcornful eyes?
Death were a good in theſe extremities;
But conſcience ſpeaks, it cries, Raſh mortal, hold.
Conſcience forbids this happy homicide,
And of the brave it timid chriſtians makes.

After this piece of poetry, the reader is requeſted to caſt his eye upon the literal tranſlation*.

Through all the obſcurity of this literal tranſlation, which can only render each word of the Engliſh by the word which anſwers to it in French, it is eaſy to diſcover the genius of the Engliſh language; its natural turn, which is neither afraid of the loweſt or of the moſt gigantic ideas; its energy, which other nations would look upon as harſhneſs; its boldneſſes, which minds not accuſtomed to foreign turns of expreſſion would look upon as bombaſt: but under theſe veils may be diſcovered profoundneſs, ſomething that engages and that affects much more than eloquence could. Hence it is that almoſt all the

* Here follows a literal tranſlation in French, which it was thought entirely unneceſſary to tranſlate, as it renders Shakeſpeare's meaning word for word, and would have laid us under a neceſſity of almoſt tranſcribing him.

Engliſh

Engliſh have this ſoliloquy by heart. It is an unpoliſhed diamond that has ſpots; but if it was poliſhed it would loſe part of its weight.

There, perhaps, is not a more ſtriking example of the diverſity of taſtes in different nations. After this let critics talk of the laws of Ariſtotle, the three unities, decency, and the neceſſity of never leaving the ſtage empty as well as of never making any perſon of the drama enter or go out without an obvious reaſon; of connecting an intrigue with art, and unravelling it naturally; of expreſſing one's ſelf in terms at once noble and ſimple; of making princes ſpeak in ſuch a manner as becomes their quality, and as they would chuſe to do; of never deviating from the rules of language: It is evident that there is a way of charming a whole nation without taking all this trouble.

If Shakeſpeare, for theſe reaſons, bears the palm from Corneille, we will acknowledge that Racine is contemptible, in compariſon of the tender and elegant Otway. To be convinced of this, it will be ſufficient to caſt an eye upon the following abſtract of the tragedy intitled the Orphan.

PLAN of the ORPHAN.

AN old gentleman of Bohemia, named Acaſto, had retired to his caſtle with his two ſons, Caſtalio and Polydore: it is true, theſe are no more Bohemian names, than that of Claudius is Daniſh. Serina his daughter lives with him; he has alſo at his houſe a Monimia, who is very different from the Monimia of Racine. This young lady was intruſted to his care by her deceaſed father. In the caſtle of lord Acaſto there is a chaplain, a page, and two

valets-de-chambre: this is the retinue of the good man, at leaſt all of it that is ſeen upon the ſtage. Add to theſe, Serina's maid, and a brother of Monimia's, a paſſionate man, juſt come from Hungary, and you have all the perſons of the drama.

If the tragedy of Hamlet is opened by two centinels, that of the Orphan is opened by two domeſtics; for great men ſhould by all means be imitated. Theſe domeſtics talk of their good maſter Acaſto, and his two ſons, Caſtalio and Polydore, whoſe only amuſement is hunting. Not to keep the reader any longer in ſuſpence, it is proper to inform him, that if he ſuſpects that the two brothers are both in love with Monimia, as in Racine, he is not miſtaken; but he will, in all likelihood, be ſomewhat ſurprized at being told that Caſtalio, one of the brothers, who is loved by Monimia, gives his dear Polydore leave to lie with her if he can; he is ſatisfied, provided he himſelf may have the ſame liberty; for he ſwears that he has no deſire to marry her, and "that he will marry when he "is old, in order to mortify the fleſh."

However, immediately after having thus declared againſt marriage, he privately marries Monimia, and Acaſto's chaplain gives them the nuptial benediction. During theſe tranſactions, Mr. Chamont, brother of Monimia, arrives from Hungary; this Mr. Chamont is a very odd man, and very hard to be pleaſed; he immediately asks his ſiſter whether ſhe has her maidenhead*? Monimia ſwears to him that her

* This paſſage ſufficiently ſhews how unfairly Mr. de Voltaire plays the critic upon Engliſh Authors; there is no ſuch low expreſſion in the tragedy refer'd to.

honour

honour is unviolated. "Ah, wherefore have "you any doubt concerning my maidenhead, "brother?" ſays ſhe.——"Hear me, my ſiſter, "ſays Chamont, I not long ſince had a dream "in Hungary; my bed ſhook, I ſaw you be- "tween two young fellows, who careſſed you, "turn about. I took my great ſword, I ran to "them; and upon waking, I found that I had "pierced the figured tapeſtry, juſt at a place "that repreſented the * Theban brothers, Poli- "nices and Etheocles, killing one another."

"Well, brother, ſays Monimia, ſince you "have been tormented in your ſleep, you muſt "torment me waking." "Oh, this is not all, "ſiſter, do not juſtify yourſelf too faſt. As I "walked along, thinking of my dream, I met "a toothleſs old hag, bent double with age, "her vaulted back was clothed with a piece of "an old hanging, her thighs were hardly co- "vered by rags of all ſorts of colours (variety of "wretchedneſs) ſhe gathered a few ſticks, ſhe "asked me where I was going, and bid me make "haſte, if I deſired to preſerve my ſiſter: in fine, "ſhe ſpoke to me of Caſtalio and Polydore."

Monimia is greatly ſurprized at this adven- ture: ſhe immediately confeſſes that ſhe was en- gaged to Caſtalio; but ſhe ſwears to her bro- ther, that ſhe had never lain with him.

Mr. Chamont is by no means ſatisfied with this confeſſion; he is a rough man, as has been

* It ſeems probable that Mr. de Voltaire had not Otway's piece by him when he wrote this, otherwiſe it is hardly poſſible to conceive how he could give ſuch a tranſlation of the following paſſage of Otway:

I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Juſt where the fatal tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban ſlew his father,

already hinted; he goes in queſt of the chaplain. "Come, ſays he, Mr. Gravity, tell me, "are not you chaplain to the family?" "And "you, Sir, are you not an officer?" returns the chaplain. "Yes, friend," ſays Chamont. "I * was once an officer myſelf, ſays the chap- "lain, but my friends conſigned me to the "church; yet I am an honeſt man, though I "wear black; I am tolerably reſpected in the "family; I do not pretend to know more than "other people, I concern myſelf about no- "body's affairs but my own; I riſe early, ſtudy "little, eat and drink merrily; and for this my "behaviour am held in eſteem by every body." "Did you know old Chamont, my father?" ſays the officer. "Yes, ſays the chaplain, I "was greatly concerned for his death." "What, "you loved him? ſays Chamont, I could em- "brace you for that: tell me, do you think "Caſtalio loves my ſiſter?" "Do I think he "loves her?" ſays the chaplain. "Aye, do "you think he loves her?" replies Chamont. "Faith I never aſked him," anſwers the chap- "lain, and I am ſurpriſed you ſhould aſk me "ſuch a queſtion," "Ah hypocrite, cries Cha- "mont, you are like all thoſe of your profeſſion, "a good for nothing fellow; you have not cou- "rage to ſpeak the truth, and you pretend to "teach it: are you a party concerned in this af- "fair? What do you do in it? Curſe upon the "villain's ſerious face; you goggle your eyes "juſt as bawds do; they talk of heaven, they "look devoutly, and tell lies; they preach like "a prieſt, and thou art a bawd †."

* Wrong tranſlated.

† It is a queſtion in Otway: "Art thou a bawd?"

What

What is pleaſant enough is, that the chaplain, won by theſe obliging expreſſions, owns that he had that morning married Caſtalio and Monimia in a garret *.

The brother is well enough ſatisfied, and goes with the chaplain. The married couple arrive; nothing remains but to conſummate the marriage. Thoſe that are not let into the ſecret might think, from what had paſſed before, that this ceremony was to be performed on the ſtage; but the modeſt Monimia only bids her huſband come and knock three times at her chamber door, when all the family ſhould be aſleep. Polydore, the brother, hears what was ſaid from between the ſide ſcenes; and not knowing that his brother Caſtalio is Monimia's huſband, he reſolves to be beforehand with him, and to go without delay and make ſure of Monimia's firſt favours. He addreſſes himſelf to the little rogue of a page, promiſes him ſweetmeats and money, if he would amuſe his brother Caſtalio during part of the night: the page plays his part admirably; he talks to Caſtalio of Monimia's love, of her garters, and her breaſts; he is for ſinging him a ſong; and thus he makes him loſe time.

Polydore did not loſe his; he went to Monimia's door, he ſtruck three times gently, the maid opened to him; and thus he contrived to lie with his brother's wife.

At laſt Caſtalio comes to the door, and gives three gentle raps; the ſervant, who ought to know both him and his brother by their voices, does not ſo much as apprehend a miſtake; ſhe

* In the original, it is in a grove.

thinks that Polydore is the pretended husband who deſires admittance, and that it is the true husband Caſtalio who is in bed; ſhe bids him go about his buſineſs, tells him he is a madman; it is to no purpoſe for him to tell his name, ſhe ſhuts the door in his face; he is treated by the maid juſt as Amphitrion is by Sofia.

Polydore having reaped the fruits of his ſtratagem, probably without uttering a ſingle word, leaves his conqueſt, and returns to his own bed. Caſtalio, who was refuſed admittance, is ſeized with deſpair, becomes frantic, rolls himſelf upon the floor, inveighs againſt the whole ſex; and concludes, that from the time of Eve, who fell in love with the devil, and damned the human ſpecies, women have always given riſe to ills of every kind.

Monimia, who roſe in haſte to meet her dear Caſtalio, in whoſe company ſhe hoped to enjoy ſome rapturous moments, meets him, and is going to embrace him; he treats her with the utmoſt cruelty, and pulls her by the hair off the ſtage.

Mr. Chamont, who ſtill remembers his dream, and the old witch he had met, comes with great gravity to aſk his ſiſter an account of the conſummation of her marriage. The poor woman owns that her husband, after having paſt the night with her in raptures, had dragged her about by the hair upon the floor.

This Chamont, who is not to be trifled with, goes in queſt of the father (who by the bye had been taken ill during the repreſentation of the tragedy, through his great age) he ſpeaks to him in the ſame tone that he had before ſpoken to the chaplain; "Do you know, ſays he, "that

"that your ſon Caſtalio has married my ſiſter?" "I am ſorry for it," anſwers the good man. "How! ſorry for it! ſays Chamont; by God "there's not a nobleman that might not be "proud to marry my ſiſter: but damn me he "has uſed her ill; either teach him manners, or "I'll ſet your houſe on fire." "Well, well, "I'll do you juſtice, farewell, my dear boy." ſays Acaſto.

The poor father goes in queſt of his ſon Caſtalio, in order to examine him with regard to what had paſſed; whilſt he is in converſation with him, Polydore is deſirous of knowing how Monimia was, after having paſſed the night with him; he thinks he had only enjoyed his brother's miſtreſs in virtue of the permiſſion he had received from him: this diſcourſe makes Monimia begin to ſuſpect her miſtake; in fine, Polydore owns that he had enjoyed her; Monimia faints away, and recovers her ſenſes only to abandon herſelf to the tranſports of deſpair.

If ſuch a ſubject, ſuch language, and ſuch manners, diſguſt perſons of taſte all over Europe, they ought to excuſe the author: he never ſo much as ſuſpected that there was any thing extravagant in his piece: he dedicates it to the ducheſs of Cleveland with the ſame ſimplicity and want of art with which he wrote it; he congratulates that lady upon having had two children by Charles the Second.

SHORT REFLEXIONS.

We are fully ſenſible how much the Monimia of Racine in Mithridates, is inferior to the Monimia of Mr. Thomas Otway; it is the ſame author who wrote Venice Preſerved: it is

a pity this Venice Preſerved has not been tranſlated with exactneſs; we are deprived of a ſenator who bites the legs of his miſtreſs, who plays the dog, who barks, and is whipt out of doors; we ſhould likewiſe have had the pleaſure of ſeeing a ſcaffold, a wheel, a prieſt who comes to exhort captain Pierre at his execution, and who is abuſed and bid to go about his buſineſs by the latter; there are many other ſtrokes of this nature, which the tranſlator has omitted in compliance with our falſe delicacy.

We cannot ſufficiently lament that the tranſlator has, with the ſame cruelty, deprived us of the fineſt ſcenes of Shakeſpeare's Othello. With what pleaſure ſhould we have ſeen the firſt ſcene at Venice, and the laſt at Cyprus! Firſt of all, a Moor runs away with the daughter of a ſenator: Iago, the Moor's officer, runs to the window of the father's houſe; the father appears in his ſhirt at the window. "Zounds, ſays he, "put on your cloaths; a black ram has got "upon your white ewe; come, come, riſe and "come down, or the devil will make you a "grandſire.

SENATOR.

"What's the matter, what would you be at? Are you a mad man?

IAGO.

"Zounds, Sir, are you one of thoſe who "would not ſerve God if the devil forbid them? "We are come to do you a ſervice, and you "take us for ruffians; I tell you your daughter "will be cover'd by a Barbary horſe; your "grand-children will neigh after you, and Arti-"can nags will be your couſin germans.

SENA-

SENATOR.

" What profane rogue talks to me at this " rate ?"

IAGO.

" Know that your daughter Desdemona and " the Moor Othello now make the beast with " two backs."

This same Iago accompanies to Cyprus the Moor Othello and the lady Desdemona, whom the senate of Venice kindly grants, in † spight of the father, for a wife to the Moor, whom they appoint governor of Cyprus.

Scarce are they arrived in that island, when Iago undertakes to make the Moor jealous of his wife, and to inspire him with a suspicion of her fidelity. The Moor begins to feel some inquietude, he makes the following reflexions. " After all, says he, what sense had I of the " pleasure that others had given her, and of her " debauchery ? I did not see it, it did not hurt " me, I slept as well as usual. When a thing has " been stolen from us of which we had no oc- " casion, if we are ignorant of the theft, we " have lost nothing. I had been happy if the " whole army, and even the pioneers, had en- " joyed her, so as I had known nothing of the " matter.——Oh no — farewell all content— " farewell the plumed troops, farewell the proud " war that makes a virtue of ambition, farewell " the neighing steeds and the shrill trumpets, " the fife that pierces the ear, and the drum " that excites the courage, the royal banner,

† This is false, for Brabantio, in Shakespeare, consents to the match as soon as his daughter declares in favour of Othello.

" and all the ranks, pride, pomp, and various " circumſtances of glorious war; and you, you " mortal engines, whoſe rude throats imitate " thoſe of the immortal Jupiter; farewell, " Othello has now no occupation."

This is another of the admirable paſſages diſtinguiſhed by Pope's commas.

IAGO.

" Is it poſſible, my Lord?"

OTHELLO, *taking him by the throat.*

" Villain, prove that my wife's a whore, give " me an ocular proof of it; or by the worth of " the eternal ſoul of man, it would have been " better for you, you had been born a dog."

IAGO.

" This office by no means pleaſes me; but " ſince I have gone ſo far through pure honeſty " and friendſhip for you, I will proceed. I lay " the other night with your lieutenant Caſſio; " and could not ſleep for the tooth-ach. You " cannot but know that there are people ſo looſe " of ſoul, that in their ſleep they talk of their " affairs; Caſſio is one of theſe: he ſaid in his " ſleep, Dear Deſdemona, let us be careful, " let us hide our loves. In ſpeaking, he took " me by the hand, he patted me, he cried, Oh, " charming creature! he kiſſed me with tranſ- " port, as if he had by the roots torn up kiſſes " planted upon my lips, he put his † thighs upon " my legs, he ſighed, he breathed ſhort, he " kiſſed me, he cried out, Curſt fate which has " given you to the Moor!"

Upon theſe proofs, ſo very decently related, and the handkerchief of Othello, which Caſſio

† Wrong tranſlated.

had

had found by accident, the Mooriſh general ſtrangles his wife in her bed; but he kiſſes her before he puts her to death. "Come, ſays he, "die thou whore." "Ah, kill me to-morrow, "let me live to-night," ſays ſhe. "Wretch, "if you ſtir"—cries he. "Give me but one "half hour," ſays ſhe. "No"—anſwers he. "After that I will delay you no longer; let me "at leaſt ſay me prayers," ſays ſhe. "No, it "is too late" anſwers Othello. He ſtrangles her; and Deſdemona, after ſhe is ſtrangled, cries out that ſhe is innocent.

When Deſdemona is dead, the ſenate recalls Othello: he is ſeized in order to be carried to Venice to take his trial. "Hold, ſays he, a "word or two: Tell the ſenate, that one day "at Aleppo I found a turban'd Turk, who "beat a Venetian, and made a jeſt of the re- "public; I took by the beard the circumciſed "dog, and ſmote him thus." At theſe words, he ſtabs himſelf.

A French tranſlator, who has given us ſketches of ſeveral Engliſh pieces, and amongſt others, of the Moor of Venice, partly in verſe, partly in proſe, has not tranſlated any of theſe important paſſages which we have laid before our readers; he makes Othello expreſs himſelf thus:

L'art n'eſt pas fait pour moi; c'eſt un fard que je hais,
Dites leur qu'Othello plus amoureux que ſage,
Quoique epou s'adoré, jaloux juſques a la rage,
Trompé par un eſclave, aveuglé par l'erreur
Immola ſon epouſe, & ſe perça le cœur.

Art I deteſt, I all diſguiſe abhor.
Say that Othello, more in love than wiſe,
Impos'd on by a ſlave, with error blind,
Murder'd his wife, then pierc'd his guilty breaſt.

There is not a word of this in the original; *l'art n'eſt pas fait pour moi*, is taken from the tragedy of Zara, but the reſt is not.

The reader now has it in his power to decide the diſpute for pre-eminence between the tragedies of London and Paris.

OF

The ſeveral REVOLUTIONS.

Which have happened in the

TRAGIC ART.

WHO would think it, that the tragic art is partly due to Minos! if one of the infernal judges is the inventor of this ſpecies of poetry, it is no wonder it ſhould be of a nature ſomewhat gloomy: a more gay origin is, generally ſpeaking, aſſigned to it. Theſpis and other drunkards are thought to have introduced this ſhew amongſt the Greeks at the time of vintage; but if we may credit what Plato ſays in his dialogue, entitled Minos, there were dramatic pieces played during the reign of this prince. Theſpis carried his actors about in a cart. But in Crete and other countries, long before the

age

age of Theſpis, actors performed only in the temples. Tragedy, at its firſt invention, was conſecrated to the gods; hence the hymns of the chorus's almoſt always turn upon the praiſes of the gods in the tragedies of Æſchylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. A poet was not permitted to preſent the public with a piece till he was forty years of age; they were called *Tragedidaſkaloi*, doctors in tragedy. Their works were repreſented only at the time of the great feſtivals; the money ſpent by the public upon theſe ſpectacles was a ſacred treaſure.

Eubulus, or Eubolis, or Ebylys, made a law to puniſh with death whoever ſhould propoſe applying this money to prophane purpoſes. For this reaſon Demoſthenes, in his ſecond Olynthian, uſes ſo much caution and addreſs in order to engage the Athenians to ſpend this money in the war againſt Philip; it is much the ſame thing as if an attempt ſhould be made in Italy to pay ſoldiers with the treaſure of our lady of Loretto.

Theſe public diverſions were, amongſt the Greeks, connected with their religious ceremonies. It is well known that amongſt the Egyptians, ſongs, dances and repreſentations made an eſſential part of the ceremonies reputed ſacred. The Jews borrowed theſe cuſtoms of the Egyptians, as every ignorant and barbarous nation endeavours to imitate its learned and polite neighbours; hence thoſe Jewiſh feſtivals, thoſe dances of prieſts before the ark, thoſe trumpets, theſe hymns, and ſo many other ceremonies entirely Egyptian.

This is not all; the truly great tragedies, the aweful and terrible repreſentations were ſacred myſteries which were celebrated in the greateſt

temples

temples of the earth in the preſence of the initiated alone; there the habits, the decorations, and the machines, were adapted to the ſubject, and the ſubject related to the preſent life as well as to that which is to come.

At firſt it was a great chorus, at the head of which was the Hierophantes: "Prepare, cried "he, to ſee with the eyes of the ſoul, the go-"vernor of the univerſe. He is ſingle, he is a-"lone ſelf-exiſtent, and all other beings owe "their exiſtence to him; he extends his power "and his works every where; he ſees all things; "he cannot be ſeen by mortals."

This ſtrophe was repeated by the chorus; ſilence was kept for ſome time after; this was a true prologue. The piece began by darkneſs ſpread over the theatre; actors appeared by the feeble glimmering of a lamp; they wandered upon mountains, and deſcended into caves; they hit one another; they marched like wild people; their diſcourſe and their geſtures expreſſed the uncertainty of human conduct and all the errors of our lives. The ſcene changed; hell appeared in all its horror; criminals confeſſed their crimes, and acknowledged the juſtice of divine vengeance. Of this Virgil gives an admirable detail, in the ſixth book of his Æneid, which is nothing elſe but a deſcription of the myſteries; and this proves that he is not in the wrong in putting theſe words in the mouth of Phlegias:

Be juſt ye mortals, and the gods revere.

The fool in Scarron makes a miſtake when he ſays:

This was indeed ſaid very well,
But what's advice, when giv'n in hell?

It

It was of uſe to the ſpectators. At laſt the Elyſian fields, inhabited by the juſt, were ſeen: they ſung the goodneſs of God, of one only God the architect of the univerſe; they inſtructed the ſpectators in all their duties. In this manner Stobeus ſpeaks of theſe ſublime exhibitions, of which ſome faint traces are to be found in the ſcattered fragments of antiquity.

Amongſt the Romans, comedy was admitted after the firſt Punic war, in order to accompliſh a vow which was made in order to avert a plague, and to appeaſe the gods, as Livy informs us in his ſeventh book. It was a very ſolemn act of religion. The pieces of Livius Andronicus made a part of the holy ceremony of the ſecular games. There never was a theatre without images of the gods and altars.

The Chriſtians held the Pagan ceremonies in the ſame horror with the Jews, though they retained ſome of them. The firſt fathers of the church were deſirous of ſeparating the Chriſtians from the Gentiles in every reſpect; they declaimed loudly againſt exhibitions. The theatre, which was the place of reſidence of the inferior divinities of the antients, appeared to them the devil's empire. Tertullian the African, ſays, in his book concerning theatrical exhibitions, that "The devil raiſes actors upon buſkins to give "the lye to Jeſus Chriſt, who has declared that "no man can add a cubit to his ſtature." St. Gregory of Nazianzen opened a Chriſtian theatre, as we are told by Sozomenes; one St. Apollinarius did as much; it is Sozomenes likewiſe who informs us of this in his eccleſiaſtical hiſtory. The ſubjects of theſe pieces were taken from the Old and New Teſtament; it ſeems highly probable

bable that a tradition concerning these theatrical performances gave rise to the mysteries which were for some time represented almost all over Europe.

Castelvetro assures us, in his Treatise upon Poetry, that the passion of Jesus Christ was played from time immemorial throughout all Italy. We imitated these representations of the Italians, from whom we derive every art; and we began to imitate them very late; as we have done in all the liberal as well as mechanical arts.

We did not begin these exercises till about the fourteenth century: the citizens of Paris made their first essays at St. Maur. The mysteries were represented at Paris upon the entry of Charles VI. in the year 1380.

It is generally thought that these pieces were scandalous exhibitions, indecent pleasantries upon the mysteries of our holy religion, upon a God's being born in a stable, upon the ox and the ass, upon the star that guided the three kings, upon those kings themselves, upon the jealousy of Joseph, &c. We may form a judgment of this from our Christmas gambols, which are pleasantries as comic as blameable, and improper upon all these ineffable events. Almost every body has heard of the verses with which one of these tragedies concerning the Passion begins:

Matthieu? Plait-il Dieu?
Prends ton epiéu.
Prendrai-je auſſi mon épée?
Oui & ſuis moi en Galilé.

Mat-

Matthew? thy will God let me know,
Take up your ſtaff without delay.
Shall I not take my ſword alſo?
Do, and to Galilee take thy way.

It is ſaid, that in the tragedy of the Reſurrection, an angel ſpeaks to God the Father in terms that are abſolutely blaſphemous.

There is not a word of this in the myſterious pieces which have reached our times; theſe works were, for the moſt part, extremely ſerious; there was nothing worthy of cenſure in them, but the uncouth language ſpoken in thoſe days: they conſiſted of the holy ſcripture reduced to dialogues, and repreſented in actions; in them, choruſes ſung the praiſes of God: there was more pomp and magnificence of decoration upon the ſtage than was ever ſeen by us; the city company conſiſted of above a hundred actors, excluſive of attendants, ſervants, and ſcene-drawers: accordingly the houſe was crowded, and a ſingle box, for the time of Lent, was hired for twenty crowns, even before the eſtabliſhment of the Hotel de Bourgogne. This appears from the regiſter of the parliament of Paris for the year 1541.

Preachers complained that their ſermons were no longer frequented, for the monologue was always jealous of the dialogue: the ſermons were very far from being as decent as the dramatic pieces of thoſe ages: thoſe who deſire to be convinced of this, need only read the ſermons of Menot, and of all his contemporaries.

In

In 1541, however, the attorney-general, by his requiſition of the 9th of November, maintains, in article the 2d, that "Sermons are "much more decent than myſteries, as they are "preached by divines, of learning and know-"ledge; whereas the acts are exhibited by "illiterate perſons."

Without entering into any longer detail upon the myſteries, and the moral pieces that ſucceeded them, it will be ſufficient to ſay, that the Italians, who firſt exhibited theſe plays, were the firſt who relinquiſhed them: cardinal Bibiena, pope Leo X. and the archbiſhop Triſſino, reſtored the theatre of the Greeks as far as they were able; there was not then an inſolent pedant to be found, who had the impudence to think he could brand the art of Sophocles, which the popes themſelves had undertook to revive in Rome.

The city of Vicenza, in 1514, was at a vaſt expence to repreſent the firſt tragedy that had been ſeen in Rome ſince the downfal of the empire: it was played in the town-houſe, and ſpectators repaired to it from the extremities of Italy. The piece is the work of the archbiſhop Triſſino; it is noble, regular, and wrote with purity of language: it has choruſſes; the ſpirit of antiquity breathes through it: the author may, however, be reproached for his prolix declamation, his want of intrigue, and languor; theſe were the faults of the Greeks; he copied them too much in their faults, but he attained to ſome of their excellencies. Two years after, the pope, Leo X. cauſed the Roſamonda of Ruccelai to be repreſented at Florence, with a mag-

nificence greatly ſurpaſſing that of Vicenza. Italy was divided between Ruccelai and Triſſino.

Comedy roſe long before by the genius of cardinal Bibiena, who gave the Calandra in 1482. After him came the comedies of the immortal Arioſto, then the famous Mandragora of Machiavel; in fine, the taſte for paſtoral prevailed. The Aminta of Taſſo had the ſucceſs it deſerved, and the Paſtor fido had ſtill greater. An hundred paſſages of the Paſtor fido both formerly were, and ſtill are known by heart all over Europe; they will paſs to the lateſt poſterity; nothing is really excellent but what all nations acknowledge to be ſo: that people is to be pitied that is ſingle in admiring its muſic, its painting, its eloquence, or its poetry.

Whilſt the Paſtor fido charmed all Europe, whilſt whole ſcenes of it were repeated everywhere, whilſt it was tranſlated into all the languages of Europe, in what a ſtate were polite literature and the theatres in other countries? They were in the ſame ſtate in which we were all, that is, in a ſtate of barbariſm. The Spaniards had their *autos ſacramentales*, that is, their ſacramental acts. Lopez de Vega, a genius worthy to be the reformer of that age, was ſubdued by his age: he ſays, that in order to pleaſe, he is under a neceſſity of locking up antient authors of merit, leſt they ſhould reproach him with his abſurdities: in one of his beſt pieces, entitled Don Raymond, this Don Raymond, ſon to the king of Navarre, is diſguiſed like a clown; the Infanta of Leon, his miſtreſs, is diſguiſed like a faggot-maker; a prince of Leon

like

like a pilgrim. The ſcene is partly laid at a public houſe.

With regard to the French, what were their favourite books and theatrical exhibitions? Garagantua's Chapter upon Bum-fodder, the Oracle of the Bottle, and the pieces of Chriſtian and Hardy. Seventy-two years paſſed from the time of Jodelle, who in the reign of Henry II. had made a vain attempt to revive the art of the Greeks, without anything ſupportable being once produced by the French: at laſt, Mairet, gentleman to the duke of Montmorenci, after having long ſtruggled with the depraved taſte of his age, compoſed his tragedy of Sophoniſba, which has not the leaſt reſemblance to that of the archbiſhop of Triſſino. It is ſomewhat ſingular, that the revival of the theatre, and of the rules of dramatic poetry, ſhould begin both in Italy and France by a piece entitled Sophoniſba. This piece of Mairet's is the firſt we have in which the three unities are not violated; it ſerved as a model to moſt of the tragedies which were wrote afterwards: it was played in 1629, a little before Corneille began to cultivate tragedy; and it was ſo well liked, notwithſtanding its faults, that the piece which Corneille afterwards wrote upon the ſame ſubject, had no ſucceſs; therefore that of Mairet opened the true carriere of tragedy, into which Rotrou entered, and this poet ſurpaſſed his maſter: his tragedy of Wenceſlaus is ſtill played; it is indeed a very faulty piece, but the firſt ſcene of it, and almoſt all the fourth act, are maſter-pieces.

Corneille afterwards made his appearance; his Medea, which is meerly declamatory, had ſome ſucceſs; but the Cid, an imitation of a Spaniſh

Spaniſh tragedy, was the firſt piece whoſe reputation was extended beyond France, and that obtained all ſuffrages, except thoſe of cardinal de Richelieu and Scuderi. Every body knows to what pitch of ſublimity Corneille ſoared in the fine ſcenes of the Horatii and Cinna, in the characters of Cornelia and Severus, and in the fifth act of Rodogune. If Medea, Partharite, Theodore, Œdipus, Berenice, Surena, Otho, Sophoniſba, Pulcheria, Ageſilaus, Attila, Don Sancho, and the Golden Fleece, were altogether unworthy of him; his fine pieces, and the admirable paſſages ſcattered up and down in the indifferent ones, will cauſe him to be always juſtly conſidered as the father of tragedy.

It is unneceſſary to ſpeak here of the poet who rivaled and even ſurpaſſed this great man, when his genius began to decline. Authors were then no longer allowed to neglect language and the art of verſification in their tragedies; and whatever was not written with the elegance of Racine was deſpiſed.

It is true, we have been reproached, and not without reaſon, that our theatre was an eternal ſchool of gallantry, and of a ſort of coquetry which has in it nothing of a tragic nature. Corneille has been juſtly cenſured for having made Theſeus and Dirce talk of love during the time of the plague; for having put little ridiculous pieces of coquetry in the mouth of Cleopatra; and finally, for having almoſt always treated love in an unaffecting manner in his works, without ever making it a ſtrong paſſion, except in the phrenzy of Camilla, and the tender ſcenes of the Cid, which he borrowed from the Guilen de Caſtro, and embelliſhed. The elegant Ra-

cine

cine was not reproached with inſipid courtſhip and low expreſſions; but it was ſoon perceived that almoſt all his pieces, as well as thoſe of ſucceeding authors, contained a declaration of love, a quarrel, a reconciliation, and a ſcene of jealouſy. It has been aſſerted, that this uniformity of little unaffecting intrigues would have greatly debaſed the tragedies of this amiable poet, if he had not known how to conceal this defect by all the charms of poetry, the graces of diction, the ſweetneſs of a ſoft eloquence, and all the reſources of art.

Amongſt the ſtriking beauties of our theatre, there was another concealed defect which was not perceived, becauſe the public could not of itſelf have ideas ſuperior to thoſe of theſe great maſters. This defect was firſt taken notice of by St. Evremont: he ſays that "our pieces do "not make an impreſſion ſufficiently ſtrong; that "what ſhould excite compaſſion, cauſes at moſt "only tenderneſs; that emotion holds the "place of agitation, aſtoniſhment of horror; "and that our ſentiments are almoſt always de-"fective in the profound."

It muſt be acknowledged that St. Evremont has laid his finger upon the ſecret wound of the French theatre: critics may talk ever ſo much of St. Evremont's being the author of the wretched comedy of Sir Politic Wou'd-be, and of that of the opera; that his little poems, wrote for the amuſement of company, are the moſt inſipid of any extant in our language, that he only piddled with phraſes; notwithſtanding all this, an author entirely deſtitute of genius, may have a conſiderable ſhare of penetration and taſte. He, doubtleſs, ſhewed a very juſt taſte when he thus

diſcovered the cauſe why moſt of our pieces are ſo languiſhing.

We have almoſt always wanted a degree of warmth; every other quality we poſſeſs. The ſource of this languor, of this weak monotony was partly that little ſpirit of gallantry then ſo dear to the courtiers, and to women which converted tragedy into converſations in the ſpirit of thoſe of Clelia. Other tragedies were ſometimes long political debates; theſe have ſpoiled Sertorius, rendered Otho altogether inſipid, and have made Surena and Attila quite inſupportable. But another reaſon prevented authors from employing much of the pathetic upon the ſtage, and made it impoſſible for an action repreſented to be compleatly tragic; this was the conſtruction of the theatre, and the narrowneſs of the place of exhibition. Our theatres were in compariſon of thoſe of the Greeks and Romans, what our market places, our Greve, and our little village fountains, to which water-carriers repair to fill their pails, are in compariſon of the aqueducts, the fountains of Agrippa, the Forum Trajani, the Coliſeum and the Capitol.

Our theatres deſerved excommunication, no doubt, when buffoons hired a tennis-court to play Cinna upon boards, and when theſe ignorant creatures, dreſſed like mountebanks, perſonated Cæſar and Auguſtus in full-bottomed wigs and laced hats.

The ſtage was then altogether low and deſpicable. Comedians had a patent, they bought a tennis-court, they formed a company as merchants form a ſociety. This was not the theatre of Pericles. What could they perform upon about a ſcore of boards loaden with ſpectators? What

What pomp or magnificence could entertain the eye? What grand theatrical action could be carried into execution? What liberty could the imagination of the poet enjoy? There was a neceſſity for pieces to conſiſt of long narratives; a dramatic piece was rather a concatenation of converſations than an action. Every performer was deſirous of ſhining in a long ſoliloquy; they rejected a piece that was without ſuch: Corneille was obliged to open his tragedy of Cinna with Emilia's unneceſſary ſoliloquy, which is now omitted.

This form excluded all theatrical action, all emphatical expreſſions of the paſſions, thoſe ſtriking pictures of human miſery, thoſe terrible and affecting ſtrokes which tear the heart; it was only touched by the poet, it ſhould have been torn. Declamation, which, till the time of mademoiſelle La Couvreur was a meaſured recitative, a noted ſong in a manner obſtructed ſtill farther thoſe ſallies of nature which are repreſented by a word, by an attitude, by ſilence, by a cry which eſcapes in the anguiſh of grief. Theſe ſtrokes were firſt made known to us by mademoiſelle Dumeſnil, when in Merope, with diſtracted eyes and a broken voice, ſhe, raiſing her trembling hand, prepared to ſacrifice her own ſon; when Narbas ſtopped her; when, letting her dagger fall, ſhe was ſeen to faint away in the arms of her women; when ſhe ſtarted from this momentary death with the tranſports of a mother, and when afterwards, darting forward to Polfontes and croſſing the ſtage in an inſtant, ſhe, with tears in her eyes, a face as pale as death, thick ſobs, and arms extended, cried out, "*Barbare, il eſt mon fils*;" "Wretch, he

"is

"is my ſon." We have ſeen Baron, his deportment was noble and becoming; but that was his whole excellence. Mademoiſelle La Couvreur had grace, juſt expreſſion, ſimplicity, truth and dignity, combined with eaſe; but for the grand pathetic of action, we ſaw the firſt inſtance of it in mademoiſelle Dumeſnil.

Something ſtill ſuperior, if poſſible, we have ſeen in mademoiſelle Clairon, and the player who acts Tancred in the third act of the piece of that name, and at the end of the fifth; ſouls were never agitated by ſuch violent emotions, never were tears ſhed in greater abundance. The perfection of the player's art ſhewed itſelf upon thoſe two occaſions with a force, of which, till then, we had no idea; and mademoiſelle Clairon muſt be allowed to have ſurpaſſed all the painters in the kingdom.

If in the fourth act of Mahomet there had been young players who could form themſelves upon this great model, a Seid who could be at once enthuſiaſt and tender, fierce through fanaticiſm, humane by nature, who knew how to ſhudder and to weep; a Palmira animated, compaſſionate, terrified, trembling at the crime ſhe is going to commit; who could feel horror, repentance, and deſpair, at the moment the crime is committed; a father, truly ſo, who ſhould appear to have the bowels, the voice, and the deportment of a father; a father, who ſhould acknowledge his two children in his two murderers, who ſhould embrace them ſhedding tears with his blood; who ſhould mix his tears with thoſe of his children, who ſhould riſe to claſp them in his arms, who ſhould fall back and throw himſelf upon them; in fine, if there was

every thing that the natural horror of death can furniſh a picture with, this ſituation would even ſurpaſs thoſe already mentioned.

It is but a few years ſince players have ventured to be what they ſhould be, that is, living pictures; before they declaimed. We know, and the public knows it better than we do, that poets ſhould not be too laviſh of thoſe terrible and ſhocking actions which make the greateſt impreſſion when they are well introduced and properly managed, but are quite impertinent when they have no relation to the ſubject. A piece badly wrote, whoſe plot is badly unravelled, obſcure, loaden with incredible incidents, which has no other merit but that which pantomime and decorations beſtow upon it, is a diſguſting monſter.

Place a tomb in Semiramis, dare to make the ghoſt of Ninus appear, let Ninias come out of that tomb with his arms ſtained with his mother's blood; all that will be allowed you. Reſpect, for antiquity, mythology, the majeſty of the ſubject, the heinouſneſs of the crime, ſomething gloomy and terrible, which breathes thro' that tragedy from its very opening, carry the ſpectator, in imagination, far from his age and country; but do not often take ſuch liberties, let them be rare and let them be indiſpenſable; if they are idly laviſhed, they will make ſpectators laugh.

The abuſe of theatrical action may make tragedy become barbarous. What is then to be done? We ſhould cautiouſly avoid all rocks; but as it is eaſier to make a fine decoration than a fine ſcene, and to direct performers what attitudes to aſſume than to write well, it is probable

table that authors will ſpoil tragedy whilſt they think they are bringing it to perfection.

Parallel between HORACE, BOILEAU, *and* POPE.

The Encyclopedic Journal, one of the moſt curious and inſtructive of Europe, gives us an account of a parallel between Horace, Boileau, and Pope, wrote in England: it mentions the verſes addreſſed to the king of Pruſſia, in which Pope is preferred to the French as well as the Roman poet.

Quelques traits echappéz d'une utile morale
Dans leurs picquans ecrits brillent par intervalle;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré:
D'un eſprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus aſſeuré
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abime de l'être;
Et l'homme avec lui ſeul apprit a ſe connoître.

Oft with inſtructive and with moral lines,
Brightly each finiſh'd compoſition ſhines;
But Pope, poſſeſs'd of genius more profound,
What lightly they ſkimm'd over knew to ſound.
Light in th' abyſs of being firſt he brought;
And man by him to know himſelf was taught.

Theſe lines are to be found at the beginning of the Poem upon the Law of Nature; a work at once philoſophical and moral, in which poetry reaſſumes its firſt intention, namely, that of teaching virtue, the love of our neighbour, and indulgence; and in which the author explains the principles of that univerſal law which God has implanted in all our hearts. We agree with the author, that the Eſſay on Man of the cele-

brated Pope is an excellent work, and that neither Horace, Boileau, nor any other poet, have produced any thing of the kind. Rouſſeau is the firſt that made an attempt ſomewhat ſimilar, in a poem entitled, "No body knows why, an "allegory:" he does his beſt to explain the ſyſtem of Plato: but how weak and languiſhing is that work! it is neither poetry nor philoſophy; there is neither proof nor painting in it.

L'homme & les dieux de ton ſouffle animez,
Du méme eſprit diverſement formez,
Furent douez par ta bonté fertile,
D'un chaleur plus vive ou moins fertile,
Selon les corps ou plus vifs ou plus lents,
Qui de leurs feu retardent les elans;
Par ces degrees de lumiere iregale,
Tu ſus remplir le vuide & l'intervale
Qui ſe trouvait ob magnifique roi
De l'homme au dieux & de dieux juſque a toi;
Et dans ton oeuvre eclatante, immortelle,
Ayant comblé ton idu eternelle,
Tu fis du ciel la demeure de dieux
Et tu nis l'homme dans ce terreſtre lieu,
Comme le terme & l'equateur ſenſible
De l'univers inviſible & vifible.

Gods and immortals by thy fire inflam'd,
By the ſame ſpirit differently fram'd;
Thy power endu'd them, whom it could create
With a more lively or leſs ſubtile heat,
Juſt as the bodies are more quick or ſlow,
Plac'd to retard the fires that from them flow;
Thus by light plac'd in a gradation due,
Great king, to fill the mighty void you knew,

That

That mighty void which Reaſon's eye can ſee
'Twixt men and gods, betwixt the gods and thee
When in that work with ev'ry wonder fraught,
Complete was made the image of thy thought;
Heaven with the preſence of the gods was grac'd,
And man on this terreſtrial ball was plac'd;
Who, like th' equator's circle, ſtands between
The world that's viſible and that unſeen.

It it no wonder ſuch a poem ſhould have lain in oblivion; it is, as appears by this quotation, a heap of fuſtian, conſiſting of improper terms, a concatenation of unmeaning epithets in dry and rugged proſe, which the author has turned into rhyme.

Very different from this is the Eſſay of Pope; poetry never preſented ſo many great ideas in ſo few words: 'tis the plan of the lords Shafteſbury and Bolingbroke, carried into execution by the moſt conſummate artiſt: accordingly it is tranſlated into almoſt all the languages of Europe. We do not enter into the queſtion, whether this complete performance is orthodox; whether even its boldneſs has not in ſome meaſure contributed to its extraordinary ſale; whether it does not ſap the foundation of the chriſtian religion, by endeavouring to prove, that things are exactly in the ſtate in which they ſhould be; and whether this ſyſtem does not overturn the dogma of the fall, and the holy ſcriptures. We do not profeſs theology, we leave it to thoſe that do to refute Pope, Shafteſbury, Bolingbroke, Leibnitz, and other great men; we confine ourſelves entirely to philoſophy and poetry. We preſume, with a view of

being inſtructed, to aſk how we are to underſtand this line,

"All partial evil univerſal good."

It is a ſtrange univerſal good that is compoſed of the ſufferings of each individual! Let him that is able underſtand this. Did Bolingbroke well underſtand himſelf when he digeſted this ſyſtem? What is the meaning of this maxim? "Whatever is, is right." Is it true with regard to us? Doubtleſs it is not. Is it true with regard to God? It is certain that God does not ſuffer by our ills. What then is at the bottom of this Platonic reverie? It is a chaos, like all other ſyſtems, but it has been adorned with diamonds.

With regard to the other epiſtles of Pope, which admit of a compariſon with thoſe of Horace and Boileau, I would gladly aſk, if theſe two authors, in their ſatires, ever had recourſe to the weapons of which Pope has made uſe. His polite treatment of lord Harvey, one of the moſt amiable men in England, is ſomewhat extraordinary; this is the paſſage word for word:

Que Harvey tremble! quoy? cette choſe de ſoye!
Harvey, ce fromage mon fait de lait d'aneſſe?
Helas! il ne peut ſentir ni ſatire ni raiſon,
Qui voudrait faire mourir un papillon ſur la roue!
Pourtant je veux fraper cette punaiſe volantes a ailes dorees,
Cet enfant de la boue qui ſe peint & qui put,
Dont le bourdonnement fatigue les beaux eſprits & les belles,
Qui ne peut tater ni de l'eſprit ni de la beaute:

Ainſi

Ainſi l'Epagneul bien elevé ſe plait civilement
A mordiller le gibier qu'il n'oſe entamer.
Son ſourire eternel trahit ſon vuide----
Comme les petits ruiſſeaux ſe rident dans leurs cours,
Soit qu'il parle avec ſon impuiſſauce flaurie,
Soit que cette marionette barbouille les mots que le compere lui ſouffle,
Soit que crapaud familier a l'oreille d'Eve,
Moitié ecume, moitié venin, il ſe crache lui-même en compagnie,
En quolibets, en politiques, contes, en menſonges;
Son eſprit roule ſur des oui-dires, entre ceci & cela;
Tantot haut, tantot bas, petit maître ou petite maîtreſſe;
Et lui-même n'eſt qu'une vile antitheſe;
Etre amphibie qui en joue les deux roles,
La tête frivole & le cœur gaté
Fat à la toilette, flateur chez le roi,
Tantot trotte en lady, tantot marche en milord.
Ainſi les rabbins ont peint le tentateur,
Avec face de cherubin & queüe de ſerpent.
Sa beauté vous choque, vous vous defiez de ſon eſprit;
Son eſprit rampe & ſa vanite leche la pouſſiere.

Let Sporus tremble! what, that thing of ſilk?
Sporus, that mere white curd of aſſes milk?
Satire or ſenſe, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred Spaniards civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,
Or at the ear of Eve familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns or politics, or tales or lies,
Or spite or smut, or rhymes or blasphemies:
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis:
Amphibious thing, that acting either part,
The trifling head or the corrupted heart;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have expressed,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

It is true, Pope is different enough not to name the lord that he characterizes; he good-naturedly calls him Sporus, which was the name of an infamous prostitute of Nero's: take notice too, that most of these invectives are levelled at the person of lord Harvey, and that Pope goes so far as to reproach him with its gracefulness. When we take it into consideration, that he was a little ill-shaped man, deformed both before and behind, who spoke thus, we have a striking instance of the blindness of anger and self-love.

Readers [illegible]

Pope [illegible]

that [illegible]

blance to the ſtile of Boileau. May we not juſtly conclude, that politeneſs and decency vary in different countries?

To render this difference, which nature and art has made between two neighbouring nations, ſtill more evident, if poſſible, let us caſt our eyes upon a literal tranſlation of a paſſage in the Dunciad; it is in the ſecond book. Duloeſs had offered a prize for which ever of her favourites ſhould conquer the reſt at a race. Two London bookſellers are competitors for the prize; one is Lintot, who is ſomewhat corpulent in perſon; the other was Curl, a man rather lighter than his antagoniſt: they run, and this was the conſequence:

Au milieu du chemin on trouve un bourbier
*Que * madame Curl avait produit le matin;*
C'etoit ſa coutume de ſe defaire au leuer de l'aurore
Du mare de ſon ſouper devant la porte de ſa voiſine.
Le malheureux Curl gliſſe; la troupe pouſſe un grand cri;
Le nom de Lintot réſonne dans toute la ruë;
Le mécreant Curl eſt couché dans la vilenie,
Couvert de l'ordure qu'il a lui même fourni, &c.

Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Whic[illegible]l's Corinna chanc'd *that morn to*

([illegible] early dawn to drop
[illegible] his neighbour's ſhop)

[illegible]

More

Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard, Bernard, rings thro' all the Strand.
Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid.

The picture of Indolence, in the Lutrin, is of another kind; but we are told that taſtes are not to be diſputed.

Another concluſion which we will venture to draw from the compariſon of little detached poems with great poems, ſuch as the epic and tragedy, is, that they ſhould have their proper rank aſſigned them. I cannot conceive how an epiſtle or an ode can be compared to a dramatic piece of merit. Let an epiſtle, or what is ſtill more eaſy to compoſed, a ſatire, or what is often inſipid enough, an ode, be as well written as a tragedy, there is a hundred times more merit in the compoſition of the latter, and more pleaſure in ſeeing it, than in tranſcribing or reading common-place morality: I ſay common-place morality; for all that can be ſaid upon moral ſubjects has been ſaid already. A good moral epiſtle teaches us nothing; a well wrote ode ſtill leſs; it may at beſt amuſe thoſe who have a taſte for poetry about a quarter of an hour; but to create a ſubject, to invent an intricate intrigue, and unravel it; to give each perſon of the drama his proper character, and to ſupport it; to contrive that none of them ſhould enter or make their exits without a reaſon viſible to all the ſpectators; never to leave the ſtage empty; to make every one ſay what he ſhould ſay, with elevation but without bombaſt, with ſimplicity free from meanneſs; to compoſe fine

verſe

verſe which does not diſcover the poet, but is ſuch as the perſon who ſpeaks might make if he ſpoke in verſe; this is part of the duty which every author of a tragedy muſt diſcharge, upon pain of not ſucceeding amongſt us. And when he has accompliſhed all this, he has hitherto done nothing. Eſther is a piece in which all theſe conditions are fulfilled; but when it was acted upon the ſtage, the audience could not endure the repreſentation. A poet ſhould, as it were, hold the hearts of ſpectators in his hand; he ſhould force tears from the moſt inſenſible; he ſhould wring the moſt obdurate hearts: without terror and pity, tragedy has no exiſtence; and even though you ſhould excite both pity and terror, if with theſe advantages you fail in the obſervance of other laws, if your verſe is not excellent, you are only a middling writer who have treated a well-choſen ſubject.

How difficult is a tragedy, and how eaſy is an epiſtle or a ſatire! Who then could preſume to place in the ſame claſs a Racine and a Boileau? Who can eſteem a portrait painter as much as a Raphael? Can a head by Rimbran be compared to the picture of the Tranſfiguration, or that of the Wedding of Cana?

We are well aware that moſt of the epiſtles of Boileau are fine, and that they have truth for their foundation, without which nothing is ſupportable; but with regard to the epiſtles of Rouſſeau, what falſhoods are there in the ſubjects, what contorſions in the ſtile! how frequently do they excite diſguſt and indignation! What is the meaning of his epiſtle to Marot, in which he attempts to prove that fools only are wicked? How ridiculous is this paradox!

Were Sylla, Cataline, Cæſar, Tiberius, and even Nero, fools? Was the famous duke of Borgia a fool? Need we ſeek for examples in antient hiſtory? Beſides, who can bear the harſh and conſtrained manner in which this falſe notion is expreſſed?

Et ſi par fois on vous dit qu'un vaunien
A de l'eſprit, examinez le bien,
Vous trouverez qu'il n'en a que le caſque,
Et qu'en effet c'eſt un ſot ſous le maſque.

Tho' ſometimes that a knave has wit men ſay,
The matter with attention duly weigh,
You'll find he has its covering alone,
And that a maſk his folly keeps unknown.

The covering of wit! Good God! was it thus Boileau wrote? Who can endure the epiſtle to the duke de Noailles, which he has in his latter editions chriſtened, An Epiſtle to the Count of C———?

Jacoit qu'en vous gloire et haute naiſſance
Soient alliez a titres et puiſſance,
Que de ſplendeurs et d'honneurs meritez
Votre maiſon luiſe de tous cotez,
Si toutefois ne ſont-ce ces bluettes
Qui vous ont mis en l'eſtime ou vous etez.

Tho' birth and fame in you combine,
With titles and with power to ſhine,
Altho' your houſe on every ſide
Is with high honours dignify'd,
You are not by thoſe trifles rais'd,
'Tis not for theſe that you are prais'd.

This

This wretched burleſque, this impertinent mixture of the jargon of the ſixteenth century and of the language ſpoken at preſent, a mixture held in ſuch contempt by perſons of taſte, cannot procure the prize for a ſubject which of itſelf teaches nothing, means nothing, and is neither uſeful nor entertaining.

The grand defect which we meet with in all the works of this author, is, that we never meet with our own reſemblance in his paintings; we in them ſee nothing which *renders man dear to himſelf*, to uſe the expreſſion of Horace: nothing pleaſing, nothing agreeable. This gloomy writer never once ſpoke to the heart. Moſt of his epiſtles turn upon himſelf, upon his quarrels with his enemies; the public is no way intereſted in his pitiful concerns; they mind his verſes againſt La Motte no more than his Rocks of Saliſburi: what is it to them that amongſt thoſe rugged rocks,

Qui par magic en ces lieux ſont venus
S'en trovent ſept, trois de chacune part,
Une au deſſus; le tout fait par tel art,
Qu'il repreſente une porte effective,
Porte vrayement bien faite et bien naive;
Mais c'eſt le tout; car qui voudroit y voir
Tours ou châtel; doit ailleurs ſe pourvoir.

Rocks to that place by magic brought,
There ſeven were with ſuch art wrought,
That they a gate moſt perfect made,
Where nature force of art diſplay'd;
But this was all, for vain it were
To look for towers or caſtle there.

Can

Can theſe ſhocking lines, and this wretched ſubject, come in competition with the worſt tragedy extant? We are overſtocked with poetry: a commodity too common is become a drug. The rule of *ne quid nimis, not too much*, takes place here. The poetry of the theatre, where the nation aſſembles, is almoſt the only ſort that intereſts us now a-days; yet new dramatic poems ſhould not be exhibited too often:

Namque voluptates commendat rarior uſus.

For moderate uſe gives reliſh to delight.

OF

OF

HISTORY.

AS we have already twenty thouſand works, moſt of them conſiſting of ſeveral volumes upon the hiſtory of France alone, and as the moſt ſtudious man, though his life were to laſt an hundred years, could not find time to read them, we ſhould know how to ſet proper bounds to our deſire of knowledge. We are obliged to join to the knowledge of our own country that of the hiſtory of our neighbours. It is required of us ſtill more to be acquainted with the illuſtrious actions of the Greeks and Romans, and their laws, which are ſtill our laws. But if we were deſirous of adding to this ſtudy that of a more remote antiquity, we ſhould then reſemble a man who ſhould lay by Tacitus and Livy to make a ſerious ſtudy of the Arabian Tales. The accounts we have of the origin of all nations are evidently fabulous; the reaſon of this is, that men muſt have lived a long time embodied as a people, and have learned to make bread and cloaths (which was a difficult matter) before they could learn to tranſmit their thoughts to poſterity, which was a thing ſtill more difficult. The art of writing is certainly not above ſix thouſand years old amongſt the Chineſe; and let the Chaldeans and Egyptians ſay what they will, it is not at all probable that they could write and read earlier.

The

The hiſtory of ages prior to theſe could therefore be tranſmitted by tradition alone; and it is well known how much the remembrance of paſt events is altered from generation to generation. The firſt hiſtories were dictated by imagination alone. Every nation not only invented the account of its own origin, but it likewiſe invented that of the origin of the whole world.

If we may credit Sanchoniathon things began by a thick air, which was rarefied by the wind; deſire and love ſprung from thence, and by the union of deſire and love were formed the ſeveral animals. The ſtars did not come till afterwards; but it was only to adorn the heavens, and to delight the eyes of the animals who were upon earth.

The Kneph of the Egyptians, their Oſhiret and their Iſhet, whom we call Oſiris and Iſis, are no leſs ingenious and ridiculous. The Greeks embelliſhed all their fictions; Ovid collected and adorned them with all the charms of the moſt beautiful poetry. What he ſays of a god who reduced chaos to order, and of the formation of man, is ſublime.

Sanctius his animal mentiſque capacius atta
Deerat adhuc & qui dominari in cætera poſſet
Natus homo eſt——
Pronaque cum ſpectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Juſſit et erectos ad ſidera tollere vultus.

Heſiod and other authors who wrote long before Ovid, are far from expreſſing themſelves with this elegant ſublimity. But from the important moment in which man was formed, to

the time of the Olympiads, we meet with nothing but profound obſcurity.

Herodotus repairs to the Olympic games, and tells ſtories to the aſſembled Greeks as an old woman tel's ſtories to children. He begins by ſaying that the Phœnicians ſailed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, whereby he takes it for granted that theſe Phœnicians had doubled our Cape of Good Hope, and ſailed round Africa.

Then follows the rape of Io, then the fable of Giges and Candaules, then fine ſtories of robbers, and of a daughter of an Egyptian king, named Cheops, who, having required a piece of free-ſtone from each of her lovers, had enough to build one of the fineſt of the pyramids. . . . .

To this add oracles, prodigies, and the tricks of prieſts, and you have the whole hiſtory of the human ſpecies.

The early periods of the Roman hiſtory ſeem to have been wrote by Herodotus's; our conquerors and legiſlators had no other way of reckoning their years but by cauſing their high prieſt to drive a nail into a wall.

The great Romulus, king of a village, was the ſon of the god Mars and of a veſtal who went to fill her pitcher with water. He had a god for his father, a proſtitute for his mother, and a ſhe-wolf for his nurſe. A buckler fell from heaven for Numa. Wonderful books of the Sybils were found. An augur cut a thick flint with a razor by the permiſſion of the gods. A veſtal drew a large ſtranded veſſel into the ſea with her girdle. Caſtor and Pollux came to fight for the Romans, and left the tracks of their horſes feet imprinted upon the ſtones. The Gauls who dwelt beyond

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the mountains came to ſack Rome; ſome ſay they were driven away by geeſe, others that they carried off with them great quantities of gold and ſilver: but it ſeems probable that geeſe were at that time much more plentiful in Italy than gold or ſilver. We have imitated the antient Roman hiſtorians, at leaſt in their taſte for fables. We have our ſtandard brought from heaven by an angel, the ſacred ampulla, or phial, brought by a pidgeon; and if we add to theſe the cloak of St Martin, there will be enough of the wonderful.

What ſort of hiſtory would be of real utility? One that ſhould inſtruct us in our duties and our rights, without ſeeming to pretend to teach them.

It has often been aſked whether the fable of the ſacrifice of Iphigenia is taken from the hiſtory of Jephthah? Whether the deluge of Deucalion is an imitation of that of Noah? Whether the adventure of Baucis and Philemon is taken from that of Lot and his wife? The Jews declare that they had no communication with ſtrangers; that their books were not known to the Greeks, till after a tranſlation had been made by order of one of the Ptolomies; but the Jews had been long before brokers and uſurers among the Greeks of Alexandria. The Greeks never went to Jeruſalem to ſell old caſt cloaths. It appears that no people ever imitated the Jews; and that the latter borrowed many things from the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks.

We conſider all the Jewiſh antiquities as ſacred, notwithſtanding our hatred and contempt for this people. Our reaſon does not indeed allow us to believe them, but we yield to the Jews

by

by faith. There are about fourſcore ſyſtems relative to their chronology, and the different ways of explaining the events of their hiſtory are ſtill more numerous; we do not know which is the right one; but we are ready to believe it whenever it ſhall be diſcovered. We have ſo many things to believe with regard to this learned and grave people, that our whole ſtock of faith is exhauſted, and we have none left for the prodigies with which the hiſtory of other nations abounds. 'Tis to no purpoſe for Rollin to repeat to us the oracles of Apollo, and the wonders of Semiramis; it is to no purpoſe for him to tranſcribe all that has been ſaid of the juſtice of thoſe antient Scythians, who ſo often plundered Aſia, and eat men upon certain occaſions; he finds ſome incredulity amongſt people of education. What I admire moſt in our modern compilers is the wiſdom and ingenuouſneſs with which they prove to us that all the events that formerly came to paſs in the greateſt empires of the world happened only for the inſtruction of the inhabitants of Paleſtine. If the kings of Babylon, amongſt their other enterprizes, ſometimes fall occaſionally upon the Hebrew nation, it is merely to puniſh that people for their ſins. If a king named Cyrus makes himſelf maſter of Babylon, it is in order to give the ſame Jews permiſſion to return home. If Alexander conquers Darius, it is to ſettle the Jewiſh pawn-brokers in Alexandria. When the Romans join Syria to their extenſive empire, and unite the little country of the Jews to their other dominions, 'tis alſo for the inſtruction of the Jews; the Arabians and Turks came for nothing but to correct this amiable people. It muſt be owned they have been admirably educated; no nation had

had ever ſo many tutors: ſuch is the utility of hiſtory.

But what is moſt inſtructive of all is the impartial juſtice which the clergy have done to all the princes with whom they were diſſatisfied. Obſerve with what candour St. Gregory of Nazianza paſſes a judgment upon the philoſophical emperor Julian; he declares that this prince, who did not believe in the devil, had a ſecret commerce with the devil; and that, upon a day when the demons appeared to him all in flames, and under the moſt ſhocking figures, he drove them away by inadvertently making the ſign of the croſs.

He calls him a frantic wretch; he declares that Julian ſacrificed young boys and girls every night in caves. Thus he revenged himſelf upon the mildeſt of mankind, who conſtantly forgave the invectives which this very Gregory poured out againſt him during his reign.

One of the moſt ſucceſsful methods of juſtifying the calumnies with which an innocent perſon is loaded is to apologize for one that is criminal. Thus a compenſation is made; and this is the method made uſe of by the ſame Saint of Nazianza. The emperor Conſtantius, uncle and predeceſſor of Julian, had, at his acceſſion to the empire, maſſacred Julius, brother to his mother, and his two ſons, who all had received the name of Auguſtus; in this he copied the great Conſtantine his father. He then cauſed Gallus, the brother of Julian, to be aſſaſſinated. He ſhewed the ſame cruelty to the empire that he treated his family with; but he was devout; and even in a deciſive battle with Magnantius, he ſaid his prayers at church during the whole time the armies were engaged. This is the man whom

Gregory

Gregory celebrates. If ſaints in this manner make us acquainted with the truth, what muſt we expect from the prophane, eſpecially when they are ignorant, ſuperſtitious, and paſſionate?

Men now a-days ſometimes make an uſe of hiſtory, which is ſomewhat odd. Charters of the age of Dagobert are brought to light, moſt of them of doubtful authority, and ill underſtood; and it is from them inferred, that cuſtoms, duties, and prerogatives, which ſubſiſted in thoſe days, ſhould be now revived. I would adviſe thoſe who ſtudy and reaſon in this manner, to addreſs the ſea in theſe terms: Sea, thou wert formerly at Aigueſmortes, at Frejus, at Ravenna, at Ferrara; go to thoſe places again without delay.

CON-

CONVERSATION

BETWEEN THE

INTENDANT DES MENUS,

AND THE

ABBÉ BRIZEL.

NOT long ago, a counſellor of the order of advocates being conſulted by a perſon of the comedians order, who deſired to know what degree of cenſure they incur who have a fine voice, noble geſture, feeling, taſte, and all the talents requiſite for ſpeaking in public; the counſellor examined the affair * according to the order of law. The order of the Convulſionaries having laid this work before the order of the grand chamber which ſits at Paris, this latter iſſued an order to the hangman to burn the conſultation, as if it had been a biſhop's mandate, or a book compoſed by a Jeſuit. I flatter myſelf that it will do the ſame honour to the converſation of the intendant des Menus and the

* The work of this counſellor, which turned very much upon Order, was complained of by Mr. le Dain, and burnt at the bottom of the ſtairs.

abbé

abbé Brizel: I was preſent at that converſation; I have collected it with the utmoſt exactneſs; I here preſent the public with an abſtract of it, which every reader of the order of thoſe that have common ſenſe may extend as he thinks proper.

"I put the caſe, ſaid the intendant des Menus to the abbé Brizel, that we had never heard of plays before the age of Lewis XIV. I put the caſe that that prince had been the firſt that cauſed dramatic pieces to be exhibited; that he had cauſed Cinna, Athaliah, and the Miſanthrope, to be compoſed and repreſented by noblemen and ladies, before all the ambaſſadors of Europe; I aſk, if it would ever have entered into the head of the curate la Chetardie, or the curate Fantin, both known in the world by the ſame adventures, or into that of any other curate or monk, to excommunicate theſe noblemen, theſe ladies, and Lewis XIV. himſelf, to refuſe them the ſacraments of marriage and burial?" "No, doubtleſs, anſwered the abbé Brizel, ſuch an abſurdity could never have entered into the head of any man living" "I will go ſtill farther, ſaid the intendant des Menus; when Lewis XIV. and his whole court danced upon the ſtage, when Lewis XV. danced with ſo many young noblemen of the ſame age with himſelf, do you think they would have been excommunicated?" "You jeſt, ſaid the abbé Brizel, we are great fools, I own, but not enough ſo to imagine ſuch an abſurdity."

"But, ſaid the intendant, you have excommunicated the pious abbé d'Aubignac, father Boſſu,

Boſſu, the ſuperior of St. Genevieve, father Rapin, the abbé Gravina, father Brumoy, father Porce, madam Dacier, and all who have taught the arts of tragedy and epic poetry according to the laws of Ariſtotle." "We are not yet fallen into ſuch an exceſs of barbariſm, anſwered Brizel; it is true, the abbé de la Coſte, monſ. de la Solle, and the author of the Eccleſiaſtical Gazette, maintain, that theatrical declamation, muſic, and dancing, are mortal ſins; that David was permitted to dance no where but before the ark, and that neither David, Lewis XIV. nor Lewis XV. ever danced for money; that the empreſs of Germany never ſung but in the preſence of a few grandees of her court; and that there is no pleaſure in excommunicating any but thoſe who are gainers by ſpeaking, ſinging, and dancing in public."

"It is then evident, ſaid the intendant, that if there was a tax called that of the king's recreations, and if the expences of them were to be paid by that tax, the king would incur the penalty of excommunication, at the pleaſure of any prieſt who ſhould think proper to launch his thunder at the head of his moſt chriſtian majeſty."

"You puzzle me, exceſſively," ſaid Brizel.

"I will puſh the matter home, ſaid Menus; not only Lewis XIV. but cardinal Mazarin, cardinal de Richlieu, the archbiſhop Triſſino, and pope Leo X. were at a conſiderable expence in cauſing tragedies, comedies, and operas to be repreſented. The people contributed towards theſe expences: yet I cannot find in the hiſtory of the church, that any vicar of St. Sulpitius

pitius has for this excommunicated pope Leo X. and theſe cardinals."

"Why then was mademoiſelle La Couvreur carried in a hackney coach to the corner of Burgundy ſtreet? Why was Romagneſi, a player belonging to our Italian company, buried upon the high road, like an ancient Roman? Why was an actreſs belonging to the diſſonant choruſſes of the royal academy of muſic, kept three days in her own cellar? Why are all theſe perſons to be burned by a ſlow fire till the great day of judgment, without having bodies; and why are they, after that day, to be burned to all eternity when they have found their bodies again? It is for no other reaſon, you will ſay, but becauſe a pit ticket coſts twenty ſols?

Yet theſe twenty ſols do not change the nature of things: they are neither better nor worſe in themſelves whether the twenty ſols are paid or not. A *de profundis* has equal power to deliver a ſoul out of purgatory, whether it be skilfully ſung for ten crowns, harſhly chanted for twelve livres, or ſung as the Pſalms are, *gratis*. It follows then, that there is nothing more diabolical in Cinna or Athaliah when they are repreſented for twenty ſols, than when the king cauſes them to be played for the amuſement of his court. Now if Lewis XIV. was not excommunicated when he danced for his diverſion, nor the empreſs when ſhe played in an opera, it does not appear to be juſt that thoſe ſhould be excommunicated who give us theſe entertainments for money by the permiſſion of the king of France, or the empreſs."

The abbé Brizel felt the force of this argument; he made this anſwer: There are ways of compromiſing matters: it is wiſely ordered, that all ſhould depend upon the arbitrary will of a curate or a vicar. We are ſo happy and ſo wiſe as to have no fixed rule in France. No body would venture to bury the illuſtrious and inimitable Moliere in the pariſh of St Euſtachius; but he had the happineſs to be carried to St. Joſeph's chapel, according to our excellent and healthy cuſtom of making charnel-houſes of our churches. It is true, St. Euſtachius is ſo great a ſaint, that it would have been improper to have cauſed the body of the infamous author of the Miſanthrope to be carried thither: but St. Joſeph afforded ſome conſolation; it was conſecrated ground even there. There is an immenſe difference between conſecrated ground and profane; the firſt is, without compariſon, the moſt light; and then the value of the ground is increaſed in proportion to that of the man. That in which Moliere was interred has acquired reputation. Now as this man was buried in a chapel, he cannot be damned, like mademoiſelle la Couvreur and Romagneſi, who were buried upon the highway. Perhaps he is puniſhed in purgatory for having wrote Tartuff; I would not venture to ſwear to the contrary: but I have no doubt of the ſalvation of John Baptiſt Lulli, fidler to the king's ſiſter, king's muſician, ſuperintendant of the king's muſic, who played in Cariſelli and Pourceaugnac, and was, moreover, a Florentine; he is gone to heaven as ſure as I ſhall go thither myſelf: that

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is evident, for he has a fine marble monument at St. Euſtachius's church: he was not thrown upon a dung-hill: fortune rules the globe. Thus reaſoned the abbé Brizel, and his reaſoning muſt be allowed to be ſtrong.

The intendent des Menus, who is well verſed in hiſtory, replied as follows: You have, doubtleſs, heard of the reverend father Girard; he was a ſorcerer; nothing can be more certain. It is well atteſted that he bewitched his penitent by flogging her. Nay more, he breathed upon her as all ſorcerers do. Sixteen judges declared Girard to be a magician; yet he was buried in conſecrated ground. Tell me, now, why ſhould a man that was both a Jeſuit and a ſorcerer have all the honours of ſepulture notwithſtanding? and why ſhould mademoiſelle Clairon be deprived of them, if ſhe ſhould happen to die immediately after playing Paulina, who makes her exit in order to be baptized?

I have already told you, anſwered the Abbe Brizel, that that is arbitrary. I ſhould be very ready to bury mademoiſelle Clairon if there was any thing conſiderable to be got by it; but ſome curates might poſſibly make a ſcruple to do ſo; in ſuch a caſe, no one would think of making a diſturbance in her favour, and of making a ſort of appeal to parliament as though on account of an abuſe. His majeſty's comedians are, generally ſpeaking, citizens deſcended of poor families: their relations have neither money nor credit ſufficient to ſucceed in a law-ſuit; the public does not concern itſelf about them; it enjoyed the talents of mademoiſelle La Couvreur, during

her life; ſuffered her to be treated like a dog after her death, and looked upon all this as a meer jeſt.

The example of ſorcerers is a great deal more ſerious. It was, formerly, certain that there were ſorcerers; it is now certain that there are none, in ſpite of ſixteen judges of Provence, who thought Girard ſo extraordinary a perſonage. Excommunication ſtill ſubſiſts notwithſtanding. If you have no ſorcerers, it is ſo much the worſe for you; we ſhall not change our rituals becauſe the world has changed; we reſemble Pourceaugnac's phyſician, we muſt have a patient, and we take the firſt that offers.

Excommunication extends even to graſs-hoppers; graſs-hoppers they are; it is a ſad caſe, I own, that the church ſhould continue to ſtigmatize them, for they make a jeſt of excommunication. I have ſeen clouds of them in Picardy; it is very dangerous to offend great companies, and to expoſe the thunders of the church to the contempt of perſons in power; but as to three or four hundred poor comedians ſcattered up and down through the kingdom of France, there is nothing to fear from treating them like graſs-hoppers, and thoſe who play tricks of legerdemain.

I ſhall now tell you ſomething ſtill more to the purpoſe: Mr. Intendant, are you not the ſon of a farmer-general? No, Sir, ſaid the Intendant, that was my uncle's place; my father was receiver general of the finances, and both were ſecretaries to his majeſty, as well as my grandfather. Well then, replied Brizel, your uncle, your

your father, and your grandfather, are excommunicated, anathematized, damned to all eternity; and whoever has the leaſt doubt of this, is an impious wretch, a monſter, in a word, a philoſopher.

Des Menus hearing this, did not know whether he ſhould laugh at the abbé or beat him; he however choſe rather to laugh; I wiſh, Sir, ſaid he to Brizel, you would be ſo good as to ſhew me the bull or decree of council, that damns the receivers of the king's finances, and thoſe who are concerned in the king's five great farms. I will produce twenty councils, ſaid Brizel; I will do more, I will ſhew you a paſſage in the goſpel, which declares that every receiver of king's money is placed in the claſs of Pagans; and you will find by the antient conſtitutions, that they were not ſuffered to enter the church in its early centuries. *Sicut Ethnicus & Publicanus*, as a Gentile and a publican, is a paſſage well known; the eccleſiaſtical law has admitted of no charge upon this head; the anathema thrown out againſt tax-gatherers, againſt receivers of the public money, was never revoked. Would you then have that revoked which was launched, in the earlieſt centuries, againſt actors who played the Œdipus of Sophocles; an anathema which is ſtill in force againſt thoſe who no longer play the Œdipus of Corneille. Begin with bringing your father, your grand-father, and your uncle out of hell; and then we will do what we can for his majeſty's comedians.

"You talk madly, Mr. Brizel, ſaid the intendant; my father was the chief perſon in his

pariſh, he is buried in his own chapel; my uncle erected to his memory a marble mauſoleum, as fine as Lulli's; and if his curate had ever talked to him of *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus*, he would have had him thrown into a ditch. I do not doubt but St. Matthew might have damned tax-gatherers, though he had been one himſelf, or that they ſtood at the church doors in ancient days: but you muſt own, that in the preſent times no body would venture to tell us ſo to our faces; and that if we are excommunicated, it is only *incognito*.

"You have hit it, ſaid Brizel: we leave the *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus* in the goſpel; we no longer open the antient rituals, and we live in peace with the farmers-general, provided they pay well for receiving the ſacrament.

Mr. Intendant was ſomewhat appeaſed, but he could not digeſt the *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus*. I intreat you, my dear Brizel, ſaid he, to tell me why that ſatirical ſtroke was inſerted in your books, and why we were ſo ill treated in the early ages. That is no difficult matter, ſaid Brizel: thoſe who pronounced this excommunication were poor people, and moſt of them Jews; about a quarter of the number conſiſted of Greeks; the Romans were their maſters; the receivers of tribute were either Romans, or elected by the Romans; there could not be a more infallible method of drawing in the populace, than by anathematiſing the officers of the revenue: conquerors, maſters, and tax-gatherers are always hated. The populace run after folks who preach up equality of conditions,

and

and damn the farmers of the revenue: exclaim in the name of the moſt high againſt powers and taxes; the mob will certainly declare for you, if you are not ſtopped in your career; and when a ſufficient number of thoſe of the lower ſort is devoted to you, then men of abilities will not be wanting to put ſaddles upon their backs, bits in their mouths, and to ride them till they have ſubverted ſtates and thrones: then they will erect a new building, but they will preſerve the old ſtones, though rude and unformed, becauſe they were of ſervice before, and are dear to the people; they will be added to the new marble, the gold and the precious ſtones will be afterwards laviſhed; and there will be always bearded antiquaries who will prefer the old rubbiſh to the new marble.

This, Sir, is the ſuccinct hiſtory of what has paſſed amongſt us. France was a long time immerſed in barbariſm; and even now that it begins to be civilized, there are ſtill amongſt us perſons attached to the antient barbariſm. We have, for example, a ſmall number of virtuous people, who would willingly deprive the farmers general of all their wealth condemned by the goſpel, and deprive the world of an art as noble as innocent, which the goſpel never forbid, and which none of the apoſtles have ſpoken of. But the ſenſible part of the clergy leaves the financers to jog on to the devil in peace, and only ſuffers the comedians to be damned for meer matter of form. I underſtand, ſaid the intendant des Menus; you take care not to offend the financers, becauſe they invite you to dinner; you fall upon

the comedians becauſe they never invite you. Do you forget, Sir, that the comedians receive the king's pay, and that you cannot excommunicate an officer of the king's for doing his duty? You are not therefore to excommunicate a comedian of the king's, who plays Cinna or Polieuctes by his ſpecial command.

"And where did you learn, ſaid Brizel, that we have not power to damn one of the king's officers? I ſuppoſe from the rights of your Gallican church. But are you ignorant that we excommunicate even kings themſelves? We proſcribed the great Henry IV. Henry III. and Lewis XII. the father of his people, whilſt he called a council at Piſa; Philip the Fair, Philip Auguſtus, Lewis VIII. Philip I. and the pious king Robert, though he had burnt ſo many heretics: know that we have it in our power to anathematiſe all princes, and to cauſe them to die ſuddenly; conſider that, and then complain, if you will, that we fall upon a few theatrical princes.

The intendant des Menus, ſomewhat nettled, interrupted him, and ſaid: You may excommunicate my maſters as you pleaſe, but they will know how to puniſh you; but reflect that it is I that go to his majeſty's comedians with his orders to come and damn themſelves before him: if they are out of the pale of the church, I am out of it alſo; if they are guilty of a mortal ſin, in drawing tears from virtuous men by acting in virtuous pieces, it is I who give occaſion to that ſin: if they go to the devil, it is I that conduct them to hell. I receive the order from

from the firſt gentlemen of the chamber, they are more guilty than I; the king and queen, who command them to act for their inſtruction and delight, are yet a hundred times more guilty. If you cut off ſoldiers from the body of the church, you muſt inevitably at the ſame time cut off the officers and the generals; you will never extricate yourſelf out of this difficulty. Do but reflect in what an abſurdity you involve yourſelf; you ſuffer citizens in his majeſty's ſervice to be thrown to the dogs, whilſt at Rome, and in all other countries, they are treated honourably during their lives and after their deaths.

Brizel anſwered, Do you not ſee that it is becauſe we are a grave, ſerious, conſiſtent people, in every reſpect ſuperior to the inhabitants of other countries. One half of Paris has embraced the ſect of Convulſionaries; people of this ſtamp ſhould check thoſe libertines who are ſatisfied with obeying the king, who do not controul his actions, who love his perſon, who chearfully ſupply him wherewithal to ſupport the dignity of his throne, who, after having diſcharged their duty, paſs their lives with tranquility in cultivating the arts; who reſpect Sophocles and Euripides, and who damn themſelves by living like people of virtue and ſenſe.

This world, I muſt acknowledge, is compoſed of knaves, fanatics, and ideots, amongſt whom there is a little ſeparate ſociety called Good Company; this little ſociety being rich, well bred, knowing, and polite, is, as it were, the flower of human kind; for this ſociety elegant pleaſures are intended; the greateſt men have exerted their

their talents for their pleaſure; 'tis they that give reputation, and, to tell you all, 'tis this ſociety that deſpiſes us, whilſt it behaves politely to us whenever we fall in its way. We all endeavour to gain admittance to this ſmall number of ſelect perſons, and, from the Jeſuits to the Capuchins, from father Queſnel to the ſcoundrel who compoſes the Eccleſiaſtical Gazette, we aſſume a thouſand forms, in order to acquire ſome credit with this ſmall number, of which it is impoſſible for us ever to be. If we find any lady weak enough to liſten to us, we perſuade her that it is abſolutely neceſſary to have white cheeks in order to go to heaven, and that red is highly diſpleaſing to the ſaints in Paradiſe. The lady leaves off painting, and we ſqueeze money out of her.

We love to preach becauſe chairs are hired at church; but how can it be expected that people of taſte ſhould liſten to a tedious diſcourſe, divided into three articles, whilſt they have their minds full of the beautiful paſſages of Cinna, Polieuctes, the Horatii, Pompey, Phædra, and Athaliah! This exaſperates us.

We enter the houſe of a lady of quality; we aſk the company's opinion of the laſt ſermon of the preacher at St. Roc; the lady's ſon anſwers us by repeating ſome lines of Racine. We then aſk them whether they have read the theological tract intitled, The Work of Six Days? We are told in return, that a new tragedy has juſt appeared. In fine, the time is approaching, that we ſhall have no longer any influence except over the rabble. This piques us; and when we are in an ill humour, we excommunicate as many as we are able.

The

The caſe is not the ſame at Rome, and in the other ſtates of Europe. When a fine maſs has been ſung at St. John of Lateran, or St. Peter's church, with grand choruſſes in four parts, and when twenty caſtrati have ſung a hymn with quavering voices, all is ours: thoſe who compoſed the congregation go in the evening to drink chocolate at the opera of St. Ambroſe, and nobody takes umbrage at this. Churchmen take care not to excommunicate la Signora Cuzzoni, la Signora Fauſtina, la Signora Barbarini, and above all Signor Farinelli, knight of Calatrava, and actor of the opera, who is poſſeſſed of diamonds as big as my thumb.

In that country perſons in power never perſecute; this is the reaſon why a king who is never oppoſed always proves a good king, if he does not want common ſenſe. All the miſchief is done by low wretches who endeavour to domineer. Theſe alone perſecute with a view of acquiring importance. The pope is ſo powerful in Italy, that he has no occaſion to excommunicate perſons of worth, poſſeſſed of talents which challenge eſteem; but there are creatures in Paris with flat hair and mean underſtandings, who find it neceſſary to make themſelves conſiderable by ſuch means. If they do not form cabals, if they do not preach up rigid tenets, if they do not declaim againſt the elegant arts, they are overlooked in the crowd. Paſſengers take no notice of dogs except when they bark, and it is the deſire of all to be taken notice of. The jealouſy and rivalſhip of profeſſions have great influence over this world. I have divulged our ſecret; don't

don't diſcover what I have ſaid, and do me the favour to procure me a box in the lettice at the firſt tragedy of Mr. Collardeau.

That you ſhall have, ſaid the intendant de Menus; but make a complete diſcovery of your myſteries. Why is there not one of thoſe with whom I have converſed upon this ſubject, who will agree with me that the excommunication of a ſociety paid by the king is the higheſt inſolence and abſurdity? And at the ſame time why does nobody make an effort to put an end to this ſcandalous abuſe?

I think I have already anſwered you, ſaid Brizel, by owning, that we ſwarm with contradictions. France, to ſpeak ſeriouſly, is the region of wit and folly, of induſtry and ſloth, of philoſophy and fanaticiſm, of gaiety and pedantry, of laws and abuſes, of juſt taſte and impertinence. The ridiculous contraſt between the renown of the tragedy of Cinna, and the infamy of thoſe that repreſent it; the right poſſeſſed by the biſhops of having a box to themſelves at the repreſentation of Cinna, and their right of anathematiſing the actors, the author and the ſpectators, muſt be allowed to form an inconſiſtency worthy of the folly of this people; but produce me an inſtance of one human eſtabliſhment that is not contradictory.

Tell me why, ſince the apoſtles were all circumciſed, and the firſt fifteen biſhops of Jeruſalem circumciſed, you are not circumciſed likewiſe? Why you can with impunity eat puddings, though the prohibition to eat them was never cancelled? Why the ſucceſſors of the apoſtle,

apoſtles, who earned their bread by their labour, ſhould wallow in riches and honours? Why, though St. Joſeph was a carpenter, and though his divine ſon ſtooped to learn that trade, has his vicar driven out the emperors, and without ceremony taken their place? Why have thoſe who aſſerted that the Holy Ghoſt proceeds from the Father and the Son, been excommunicated and anathematiſed during a ſucceſſion of ages? And why are thoſe now damned who think the contrary? Why is a ſecond marriage expreſsly forbid in the Goſpel to thoſe whoſe firſt marriage has been annulled, and why do we permit ſecond marriages in this caſe? Tell me, how comes it to paſs, that the ſame marriage that is declared null and void at Paris, is ſtill in force at Avignon?

To turn our converſation to the theatre, of which you are ſo fond, explain to me the reaſon why you applaud the brutal and factious inſolence of Joad, who cauſes Athaliah to be beheaded becauſe ſhe was deſirous of having her grandſon Joas educated at her own court, at the ſame time that if a prieſt amongſt us was to make any ſuch attempt upon thoſe of the royal family, there is not a ſoul that would not condemn the delinquent to capital puniſhment?

Cuſtom regulates all things: dancing, for example, has been, in almoſt all nations, a religious ceremony; the very Jews danced through devotion. If the archbiſhop of Paris was to take it into his head to dance a minuet at high maſs, people would laugh at it as much as at his certificates of confeſſion; ſacramental acts are ſtill re-

repreſented at Madrid upon holy-days. A comedian plays Jeſus Chriſt; another plays Satan; an actreſs repreſents the Holy Virgin; another, Mary Magdalen at her toilet; harlequin repeats the Ave-Maria; Judas ſays his Pater-noſter.

During theſe repreſentations, they ſometimes, with great ceremony, burn the deſcendants of our good father Abraham; and whilſt the poor wretches roaſt, they gravely ſing to them pious ballads, compoſed by one of their kings, and tranſlated into bad Latin. Notwithſtanding all this, there is as much good ſenſe, politeneſs, and wit, at Madrid, as at any court in Europe.

Horſes at Rome receive a benediction; were we to cauſe our ſtables at St. Genevieve to be bleſſed, half Paris would exclaim againſt the ſcandal.

FINIS.

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